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The Statue.

There was a statue, only common clay,
Which in the sunshine stood one summer day,
And just through one brief magic hour—I'm told
Because the sun shone so, seemed finest gold

There was a hero, hero but to one,
Who had his gilded hour beneath Love's sun
And then, Ah, me! the sunshine died away
And left the hero—bare, dull, common clay

L'ENVOI.

Are you the hero, or are you the sun?
A word, *mon ami*, and my fable's done.
If you must blame—be just and blame the sun.

—*Frances Hodgson Burnett, in the Century.*

The Spirit Ideal.

[Posthumous poem attributed to Edgar A. Poe. This poem was not published until many years after Mr. Poe's death. It is written in the style of his "Raven," which fact will be readily recognized by all admirers of his poetry.]

From the throne of life eternal,
From the home of love supernal,
Where angel feet make music over all the starry floor,
Mortals, I have come to meet you,
Come with words of peace to greet you,
And to tell you of the glory that is mine forevermore.

Once before I found a mortal
Waiting at the heavenly portal—
Waiting but to catch some echo from that ever opening door,
Then I seized his quickened being,
And through all his inward seeming,
Caused my burning inspiration in a fiery flood to pour.

Now I come more meekly human,
With the weak lips of a woman
Touched with fire from off the altar, not with burning as of yore,
But in holy love ascending,
With her chastened being blending,
I would fill your souls with music from the bright celestial shore.

As one heart yearns for another,
As a child turns to its mother,
From the golden gates of glory turn I to the earth once more,
Where I drained the cup of sadness,
Where my soul was stung to madness,
And life's bitter burning billows swept my burdened being o'er.

Here the harpies and the ravens,
Human vampires, sordid cravens,
Preyed upon my soul and substance till I writhed with anguish sore.
Life and I seemed then mismated,
For I felt accursed and fated,
Like a restless, wrathful spirit wandering on the Stygian shore.

Tortured by a nameless yearning,
Like a frost-fire freezing, burning,
Did the purple pulsing life-tide through its fevered channels pour.
Till the "golden bowl," life's token—
Into shining shreds was broken,
And my chafed and chafing spirit leaped from out its prison door.

But while living, striving, dying,
Never did my soul cease crying,
"Ye who guide the fates and furies, give, oh! give me, I implore!
From the myriad hosts of nations,
From the countless constellations,
One pure spirit that can love me—one that I, too, can adore!"

Through this fervent aspiration,
Found my fainting soul salvation,
For from out its blackened fire-crypts did my quickened spirit soar;
And my beautiful ideal—
Not too saintly to be real—
Burst more brightly on my vision than the fancy-formed Lenore.

'Mid the surging seas she found me,
With the billows breaking round me,
And my saddened sinking spirit in her arms of love upbore,
Like a lone one weak and weary,
Wandering in the midnight dreary,
On her sinless, saintly bosom, brought me to the heavenly shore.

Like the breath of blossoms blending,
Like the prayers of saints ascending,
Like the rainbow's seven-lined glory blend our souls forevermore.
Earthly love and lust enslaved me,
But divinest love hath saved me,
And I know now first and only how to love and to adore.

Oh my mortal friends and brothers,
We are each and all another's!
And the soul that gives most freely from its treasure hath the more.
Would you lose your life you find it;
And in giving love, you bind it,
Like an amulet of safety to your heart forevermore.

MARRIED IN HASTE.

"I demand this, because I consider marriage with such a girl as I know Violet Du Hayne to be, the only hope left of reclaiming you from a life of dissipation. On no other condition will I advance the large sum for which you ask. In spite of all that has passed, your still affectionate mother,

"EUGENIA ARDEN."

The written page looked as hard and unchanging to Max's fancy as its author.

There was that bill which Hardy had indorsed for him falling due within three days. It would be total ruin to poor Hardy if it was not met. That must not be. He had drawn Hardy into this scrape, and he must see him harmless, at all risks to himself. Max strode up and down the room, biting his long, fair mustache.

Marriage! He had never seen his mother's ward. She had arrived at Arden after the estrangement between mother and son; but, at all events, there was no one else he wanted to marry.

What a lovely face was that girl's he had met at Mrs. Montfort's reception! She had made him feel like echoing Geraint's, "There, by God's grace, stands the one maid for me!"

"Pshaw!" shrugging his broad shoulders "A man could not be in love with a girl he had talked to for one evening, whose very name he had failed to hear?"

What use in reflecting? There was but one course open to him to save Hardy's honor and his own.

He sat down, and dashed off in heavy black letters:

"MOTHER: You are using the power given you by my father's will—as you have always done—tyrannically. But I have no alternative—I accept your conditions on these terms: First, that the young lady be told that I am marrying as my only means of obtaining a sum of money which is a matter of life and death to me. Secondly, that the marriage take place to-morrow afternoon. I will run down to Arden on the 3 o'clock train. You can have a clergyman waiting in the grand drawing-room, who can unite the happy pair at once. Your son,

"MAX ARDEN."

There never was a gloomier wedding. A heavy fall of snow had impeded the train, so that the early winter twilight was already falling when Max Arden stood in the great, dim room by the side of his veiled bride.

The clergyman hurriedly repeated the solemn service. The responses were duly made, and it was done.

"Embrace your wife, my son," said Mrs. Arden, with a vain attempt at cheerfulness.

"Wife!" cried the young man, drawing himself up to his full height, with a flash in his eyes. "I have no wife. This young lady understands the terms of our bargain. made her Mrs. Max Arden—to that you could compel me, mother—but no woman shall be wife in more than name to me whom I have not loved and chosen—ay, and wooed on my bended knees. Is my horse saddled, Stevens? I return to town to-night. In the future, as in the past, our paths lie separate.

* * * * * *

Scene—the heart of the Black mountains. Time—September, when they are at their loveliest. Dramatis personæ—for one, a tall young man, with a wide-awake pushed back from his good-looking, sunburnt face, a gun over his shoulder, but little thought of shooting in his mind. He was peering through the boughs at what? Only a girl whom he had once seen in town, and of late watched many times from his leafy covert, feeling, as Olivia says, her "perfections with an invisible and subtle stealth to creep in at his eyes."

She sat on the other side of the mountain brook, busily sketching; and as he watched, her sketch-book fell into the little stream.

In a second he had sprung after it, fished it out, and was presenting it with a low bow, saying: "May I not claim acquaintance by virtue of this happy chance and our last meeting?"

"Our last meeting!" The young lady shrank from him in undisguised terror.

"Good heaven, Miss Harding! how have I alarmed you? Do I look like a tramp in my shooting-clothes? Indeed I am respectable. My name is Arden—Max Arden. I had the honor of an introduction at Mrs. Montfort's reception, last winter."

A sigh of relief, then hesitatingly:

"Oh, yes, I remember you quite well, Mr. Arden; but I—I—you must excuse me—I have heard of you since then, and I—I—"

"You have heard of me; nothing to my credit, I fear," he said, slowly, after waiting in vain for her to finish, "and you wish to decline knowing me. Is it not so? Well, I must submit to your decision, bitterly as I regret it." Then he lifted his hat and left her.

Now which of his wild doings had come to those dainty ears and brought this blow upon him? for blow it was. He was surprised to find how severe a one. For, after all, what did he know of her? And yet, with unreasoning intensity, he longed to look into her face once more, perhaps inquire the reason of the soft, regretful gaze that had followed him as he turned away.

Patter! patter! Big drops broke in upon his meditations. A true pelting, blinding, mountain storm was coming up. Arden hastened to take refuge in a small cave he knew of. Was it kind chance or irony of fate? The cave was occupied. A sketch-book, an umbrella, a slim serge-clad figure presented themselves to his view. He began to retrace his steps.

"Don't go away," said the fair occupant, hastily.

"I would not force my company upon you," he returned, stiffly.

"Pray, pray, don't let me drive you out into this pouring rain," she entreated; "you are punishing me severely for my late rudeness. I was so surprised and frightened then—I—I scarcely knew what I said."

She put out her hand to detain him.

Like a flash Arden's mind went back to the last time soft fingers had lain in his—on that strange bridal day.

"If you grant me shelter, it is equivalent to accepting my friendship," he said, allowing himself to be drawn into the cave and seating himself so as to shield her from the rain which now began to beat in.

"Now, you might almost as well be outside as do that," said the girl, reproachfully. "What a deluge it is!" peering out over his shoulder.

The damp air heightened her color and sent little rings of golden brown hair curling madly over her pretty forehead, her violet eyes shone, and her face—it was the fairest that e'er the sun shone on.

Max Arden thought so as he answered dreamily:

"I wish it could last forty days!"

"What a good conscience you must have!" gayly; "now, I should be too afraid of being drowned with the rest of the sinners."

"Miss Harding—"

"Who told you my name was Miss Harding?"

"My guide, Luke Smith. He claims to know everything."

"He certainly seems to know a great deal."

"I am camping out near here, and seeing you so constantly, naturally inquired about you. It is a lonely spot to see a lady."

"I am staying at the Mountain house, six miles from here," she explained. "I drive over every morning to sketch this lovely glen, and the carriage comes for me again at 4 o'clock. I should be going to meet it now but for the rain."

"Blessed rain!" murmured Max.

The young lady frowned and appeared to regret the momentary intimacy into which she had been drawn. There was a few minutes silence while she turned over the contents of her portfolio. Once more nature favored Max. The wind blew a loose sketch to his feet, which he looked at in amazement.

"Why, it's me!" he cried, exultant and ungrammatical, "and a capital likeness, too."

"You—you are quite mistaken in—in any conclusions you may draw," stammered Miss Harding, blushing, and clothed with shame as with a garment. "You need not imagine I sketched you because—that is—you are not to think—anything."

"I don't. My mind is entirely vacant except for a strong desire to possess my portrait. You probably do not prize it very highly."

"I do not prize it at all."

"And I would give—even unto the half of my kingdom for it."

"Would you give that ring which looks like an heirloom?"

Instantly it lay in her hand.

"Oh, no! I was only jesting. I cannot take it."

"You must. You named your price and I agreed, so the bargain is concluded. It is an heirloom, as you supposed; and I rejoice to see it in your possession. I always meant"—losing his head a little as he gazed at her flower-like face—"to give it to the girl I loved; but now—"

"Well, now?" she echoed, softly, with averted face.

"Now, I may never tell my love, because"—with an effort—"I am a married man."

"Mr. Arden!"—angrily—"because of that foolish sketch you think that I— You say this as a warning—"

"A warning to myself, perhaps."

"As if you needed any!"

"You are right. I am past that."

He buried his face in his hands. There was a long silence. Then the girl said, in an altered voice:

"The rain has stopped; I think I will go."

* * * *

Max Arden stood on the dark veranda of the Mountain house listening to strains of music from the ballroom, and watching the dancers dancing in time for queen among them moved the girl he loved. How more than fair she looked in her white evening dress.

Presently she seemed laughingly to dismiss her little court, and came out alone upon the veranda. Max stepped forward. He had to apologize for startling her, but he was afraid she was sick, he said, as he had not seen her for so long.

"Only a week," she answered, cheerfully. "It is my mother who was ill; but she has recovered now, thank you. So we are going to-morrow."

"Going where?" with an eagerness he could not repress.

"Why should I tell you, Mr. Arden?" with cold surprise.

"That I may follow you. By what right? Because I love you."

"So soon?"—incredulously.

"Ay; 'even so quickly one may catch the plague,'" he quoted, with a bitter laugh. "And the pursuit of happiness is one of the unalienable rights of man, you know."

"But when man fancies his happiness to be a woman and she does not like pursuit, has she no unalienable rights?" merrily.

"Do not jest with me."

She was silent for a moment. Then, in soft, vibrating tones:

"No, I cannot jest. I have something serious to say to you, Mr. Arden. I, too, am married, and, alas! to a husband who casts me off. Hush, and listen. I was persuaded into a hasty marriage, partly by love of my mother, partly, perhaps, by—interest in him, which she had educated me to feel. Besides, I met him accidentally in society, and fancied I could—like him. Max, take your arm away. Believe me, I was not told by what means he was forced into marriage! What! kneeling to me, Max? Suppose some one should come. Do get up."

"Not till you forgive me."

"Well, in that case"—with pretended reluctance—"I had better forgive you at once."

* * * *

It is not five years since Max married in haste, but he has not yet repented at leisure—nor has his wife.

Battle With a Bear.

Montreal has a noted character called Joe Beef, who keeps a saloon and eating-house for sailors and 'longshoremen. He has a bear pit under his canteen on Common street. It extends all along under the house, and is reigned over by a big black bear, weighing over four hundred pounds. There are also a she bear and two comparative young cubs, which Joe reckons among his domestic pets. One afternoon recently, while a colored preacher was holding services in the "singing-room," three American strangers came to visit the place, and the trap door was thrown open to show the bears. While Joe went into the barroom, his little boy, six years old, went too near the edge and fell into the den. The old bears were in a dark corner, but one of the cubs at once ran toward the child, who had uttered a frightful scream. The cook laid down on the floor, and, reaching down, caught hold of the little fellow and raised him up. The she bear had heard the child's cries, and, with a growl, rushed toward the trap door and seized the child just as he was being lifted up. The little fellow was in an instant dragged into the den, encircled by the claws of the she bear. Joe, hearing the noise, came to the door, and seeing his child as it were in the jaws of death, did not hesitate for a moment to think, but leaped from the floor to the pit, lighting on the head of one of the bears. He managed by a frantic effort to tear his child from the savage monster and threw him behind. In another instant he handed the little fellow up among the almost paralyzed spectators. The moment the child was out of the pit the she bear growled fiercely and sprang on Joe, who had no arms to defend himself. The savage brute seized him by the right knee, throwing him on his back. Her teeth were driven fully half an inch into his flesh. He was then completely at the mercy of the animal, whose tameness had disappeared, it being enraged at having the child taken away. Joe did not lose presence of mind, but seized a brick which lay near him and struck the bear on the nose with all his might. The brute let go her hold and Joe quickly got on his feet. Joe was then rescued from the pit, his legs being covered with blood. The trousers which he had on were torn to shreds and his stockings were saturated with blood. The child had not been injured at all beyond a slight scratch on the head.

He Sat Down.

We were running through South Carolina when a great big giant of a fellow with a terrible eye and a voice like a fog-horn boarded the train at a small station. I think most of the passengers sized him up as a chap whom it would be dangerous to argue with, but the giant wasn't satisfied with that. He blustered at the conductor, growled at the brakeman and looked around as if seeking some one to pick a fuss with. Everybody answered him civilly, and he had two or three seats to himself, but the man who wants a row can generally find some pretext. About the center of the car a pale-looking chap about twenty-five years old occupied a seat and was reading a newspaper. After a time the giant rubbed along to where the young man sat and growled out:

"Stranger, what may be the first cost of such a hat as yours?"

The young man looked up with a flash in his big blue eyes and then turned to his paper without replying.

"Hey! Did you hear me!" roared the other, as he leaned over the seat and lifted the hat off the young man's head.

Quicker than one could count six a shining revolver came from you couldn't tell where, lifted itself on a level with the big man's eye, and the white fingers clutching the butt never trembled a hair's-breadth as a quiet voice uttered the words:

"Drop that hat!"

The hat fell from the giant's grasp, and the quiet voice continued:

"Now you sit down or I'll kill you!"

The muzzle of the weapon was not six inches from the man's eye, and I saw him turn from red to white in ten seconds. He backed away at the command, sat down in a seat opposite, and never stood up or spoke another word during his ride of twenty miles. He had a "navy" under his coat, but something in that quiet voice and blue eye warned him that the move of a finger on his part would crash a bullet into his head.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A STRANGE OCCUPATION.

A New York "Professor" Who Renews Lost Noses, Ears, Eyelashes, Etc.

On Fourteenth street, not far from Broadway, New York, is a certain show window, in front of which not less than ten thousand people stop every day. The window is rather larger than usual, projects outward in bay form, and is lined inside with plate-glass mirrors. Suspended in the center of the window by fine, almost invisible wires, are two cork legs which, operated by clock-work, move in an up-and-down motion as in walking. On shelves of thick glass, supported by depending wires, is the curious collection that attracts the thousands of passers-by. Noses, eyes, ears, joints and limbs, all arranged in a certain kind of order. Above the shelves is this strange announcement in gilt letters:

LEGS, ARMS, NOSES, EYELASHES, ETC., MADE AND RENEWED.
PROF. R. W. WEIGHTON, Proprietor.

Pushing through the crowd that was collected around, says a correspondent, I entered and asked for Professor Weighton.

A gentleman behind the glass case removed an enormous jewelers' magnifying glass that was screwed in his right eye, scanned me carefully, and not detecting the absence of a nose, or ear, or arm, or leg, finally said:

"I am Professor Weighton—what can I do for you, sir?"

"I wish to know, professor, by what process you renew legs, eyebrows and noses. It seems to me a rather odd and difficult profession."

"It is difficult—you are perfectly right as to that—but I cannot agree with you that the business is at all odd. It is the simplest thing in the world. Look, for instance, at this nose I am perfecting," he continued, pointing to the curious-looking thing he had been eyeing through the magnifying glass. "This nose is almost in a state of completion, yet I'll venture to say you couldn't tell me what sort of a nose it will be, Grecian, Roman or retrousse!"

I admitted that I would not have known it was a nose if he had not kindly informed me.

The professor smiled proudly.

"I thought so," he said. "By to-morrow morning this will be one of the prettiest Grecian noses you ever saw. See what a handsome flesh tint I am giving it. It is for a lady on Fifty-second street."

"How on earth did a lady lose her nose?"

"It was a curious accident, which almost rendered her inconsolable. Her father is a well-known scientist and inventor. While watching an interesting experiment in his laboratory a few weeks ago she stooped over to examine the eccentric of a cog-wheel. Being short-sighted she incautiously bent too low. The wheel was revolving rapidly—a slz and a whiz! and the nose from the bridge down was shaved clean off. The family physician was sent for and wanted to make a nose from the arm, but, aside from the pain of that operation, the uncertainty of turning out a well-shaped nose raised objections, and I was ordered to prepare a wax substitute."

"Do you mean by 'natural meat substitution' a real nose of flesh?" I asked.

"Certainly. The skin is removed from a certain portion of the arm, the proper preparations made, and the arm then bound tightly over the missing nose. The flesh soon adheres to the face, then the arm is detached and the nose is shaped. The advantage of this style of nose, while it may not be so shapely as its predecessor, is its durability. It will never come off. Now, a wax nose will look very pretty, and when her friends see Miss B—— they will probably be more than ever in love with her beauty; but it doesn't last and will need constant repairing. It is scarcely so good as a celluloid. Have you ever read Poe's 'Story of the Wax Nose?' Well, it may be exaggerated, but there is a great deal of truth in it. Miss B—— could never live in a very hot climate. Her nose might melt, and would certainly soften."

"This is very interesting, professor," I remarked, "but is not your business small? I do not recollect seeing many people with artificial noses."

"This branch of my business is not large. We have, however, a good deal of repairing on old noses. The demand for legs and arms is steady and pays well. In addition to the number of people needing cork limbs, the limbs must be totally renewed every few years and that keeps the business up."

"Do you often have to fit ladies with cork limbs?"

"I take their measure. Great precision and care is necessary. Great skill is required to make the cork of exactly the same size and length as its fellow. The more perfectly this is done the less limping you will observe."

"Vanity is the strongest point in some people. The operation of renewing eyebrows and lashes, for instance, is not at all comfortable, yet you will see plenty of people come here and submit to it, even though they are already tolerably well supplied in those essentials. We use real hair and a needle so fine it is almost invisible. The hair is threaded through this needle and run through the skin."

"I suppose this business is for the most part confined to the gentler sex?"

"Not by any means. It is altogether a mistake to suppose women more vain than men. Not long ago I had an order from a young man of this city for a three-quarter-inch dark brown lash. It is a positive fact that that young fellow, even in an ordinary ten-minute conversation, will close his eyes at least six times to display his long, silky lashes. If you will step this way I will show you through our operating rooms," and, entering a door the professor led me through a suit of spacious apartments.

A number of young women working at small tables, each table covered with little instruments and things, the like of which I had never seen before. On some of the tables were noses in different stages of completion—some were just out of the mold, others were modeled and turned, awaiting the professor's finishing touch. At one table two girls were threading needles with fine, silky hairs, and sewing them in little squares on a thin, transparent gauze.

"These girls," said the professor, "are making some of those beautiful arched eyebrows you may sometimes see in ballrooms. These sewed on the net are the less expensive kind, and are only used on special occasions. The real brow is very expensive, and can only be made by a person of great skill. I have an operation to perform this afternoon, and if you like you may be present."

"THE ART PRESERVATIVE."

Some Interesting Facts Connected With the History of Printing.

It is difficult to say at what period of the world's history people did not have ideas upon this subject, which were the germs of what was to come in after ages. The impression of the hand or foot, or of some other object, made in soft mud or clay and then hardened by time, or baked by the heat of the sun, must have suggested a simple and intelligent mode of conveying an idea, before the invention of any kind of writing. Accordingly these and other signs are found to compose the chief characters of the earliest writings of which we have any knowledge, and which are called symbolic.

We find certain evidence that more than two thousand years before our era a method of multiplying impressions, or, in other words, printing existed; and if we come down to the time of the great city of Babylon, which owed its chief greatness to Nebuchadnezzar, who died five hundred and sixty-one years before Christ, we see that on the brick with which every important structure was composed the name of that wicked king is stamped; and the stamping must have been done with a die or type, on which was raised characters capable of producing an impression. The ruins of Babylon at this day consist mainly of three mounds:—1. Babil, probably the temple of Belos. 2. The Kasr, or palace of Nebuchadnezzar. This is an irregular square, about 700 yards each way, surmounted with the remains of a square structure, the walls of which are composed of burnt brick of a pale yellow color, of excellent quality, bound together with lime cement and stamped with the name of Nebuchadnezzar. 3. A mound now called Amran, of irregular triangular shape, and supposed to be the ruins of a palace older than Nebuchadnezzar's, for bricks have been found there inscribed with the names of more ancient kings than he. That it should have been thought worth while to print inscriptions upon material destined to be built into their dwellings, argues that the process was not only not an uncommon one, but also that there probably existed at the same time a more advanced and more elegant mode of imprinting in their domestic and ornamental arts. In fact, we have specimens existing of articles of different form and sizes, from a foot high to the size of a signet—to which purpose the latter were probably applied, as their shape indicated they had been worn as finger rings, or hung about the neck like a charm or amulet—and all stamped with some characters.

After this a long time elapsed before the practice of transferring characters from a die to any substance, or, in other words, printing was known to any, even comparatively civilized people.

There is reason to believe that printing from characters engraved upon wooden blocks was known to the Chinese in the sixth century, though we scarcely hear anything of its application for four centuries after until the advantages of the art became so manifest that we are told that in 932 Fung Taou and Le Yu, two ministers of the Latter Han, memorialized the throne to have the "Nine Classics"—which had hitherto existed only in the manuscript—revised and printed, and in about twenty years copies were in circulation. But it was not until the close of the thirteenth century that most of the literature of former ages, which had also existed only as writing upon manuscript, had been printed.

The original method of printing was from blocks of wood. The subject to be printed was written upon paper, which was then laid face downward upon a smooth block of hard wood, to the surface of which the ink was transferred. All of the wood, except the inked lines, was then rapidly cut away with a sharp instrument, leaving the letters or characters in relief. Each plate thus made formed a page, and the printing was done by first inking the characters and then pressing a sheet of paper upon them, either with the hand or a soft brush, thus giving the impression. Block printing, after the Chinese method, was practiced in Italy, Spain and Sicily for designs on fabrics of silk and cotton, which were printed in ink, as early as the last years of the twelfth century.

The next obvious advance was the engraving of pictures upon wooden blocks, and it is generally agreed that the art was invented toward the end of the thirteenth century by a member of the family of Cuniolords of Imola in Italy.

Movable type, such as are now used in printing, were a European invention; and practically the art of printing waited for the development of the manufacture of paper, which was not a staple of commerce before the close of the fourteenth century. And again we find the Chinese in the advance here, for they were the first to form from vegetable fiber the web which constitutes modern paper. They used the bark of several trees, especially the mulberry, the bamboo, reduced to pulp by beating, the straw of rice and other grain, silk, cotton and rags of different kinds.

It is still a question undecided as to the person who invented, the place and the time of the invention of movable types, and the bringing of them into practical use. The honor rests between the Dutch, who claim the honor for Laurence Coster, of Haarlem, who died in 1440, and the Germans, who claim it for Johann Gutenberg, of Mentz, who died in 1468; Johann Faust, or Fust, of Mentz, who died in 1466; and his son-in-law, Peter Schoffer, who died in 1502. The Dutch place the date of invention in 1423, and generally hold that Coster was the real inventor, and that Gutenberg, one of his workmen, stole the invention and claimed it as his own.

In 1456 Johann Gutenberg completed the printing of the Bible in Latin, a folio volume of 637 leaves, printed on vellum—a fine kind of parchment made from the skins of calves, kids or lambs—and the work must have occupied several years.

The art of printing was first practiced in Italy in 1465; in France, in 1469; in England, in 1474; in Spain, in 1475. In 1500 there were only about two hundred printing offices in all Europe—scarcely more than are now found in one of our larger cities.

It is not necessary in this article to speak of the manufacture of type, of the art of stereotyping and other things of recent date of value to the printer; but a few words may properly be said about the power used in printing. The first and earliest impressions were taken as by the Chinese with light pressure of the hand or brush upon the very thin paper on which their printing was done. Then impressions were made by laying the paper on the type and placing on it a planer or smooth-faced block of hard wood used for leveling the type before printing, and striking it with the mallet, as proof slips are now often taken. Presses, however, were soon invented for the purpose. There are engravings which represent presses as they existed as far back as 1520. They were small, and the force was applied by means of a simple screw and lever. In 1620, or 261 years ago, Blaeuw of Amsterdam, produced a greatly improved press, a kind which, with but little alteration, continued in use 150 years. The press upon which Benjamin Franklin worked in London in 1725, and is preserved in the patent office in this city, is of clumsy construction, almost entirely of wood, and is known by the maker's name as the Ramage press. There were many of them in use as late as 1825, and a few a good deal later. After this iron was used in some parts of the press, and about the year 1800 Earl Stanhope invented a press entirely of iron, the frame cast in one piece, and the power imparted by a combination of the toggle-joint and lever. The Columbian press, invented by George Clymer, of Philadelphia, about 1817, was the first important American improvement, the power being applied by a compound lever, consisting of three simple ones.

Printing presses were introduced into America as follows:

In Mexico in 1536.
In Lima in 1586.
In Cambridge, Mass., in 1639.
In New London, Conn., in 1709
In Charleston, S. C., in 1730.
In Newport, R. I., in 1732.
West of the Alleghanies, in Cincinnati, in 1793.
West of the Mississippi, at St. Louis, in 1808.—*Washington Star.*

Scenes in Sardinia.

It takes eleven hours from Terranova to Cagliari. Up to Macomer the scenery is dull and monotonous. Nothing but black hills on each side, which the railroad seems to cut in two. A stone wall lines each side of the way to protect the line of rail from being invaded by a wild vegetation of ginesta bush, which covers the whole country. Here and there a wild apple tree is seen, and immense bushes of fern, poor and thin; a stray ox looks up and bellows at the train as it passes, or a saddleless rider gallops along the plain with his cap bag flying in the wind. Occasionally, also, a shepherd leans on the wall to look at us. As for the few horses that were seen, they were skeletons. An east wind blows from the hills, but it stirs neither plant nor beast.

After a couple of hours of this dull ride we begin to see a few green patches of fields. The green, however, is pale and dusty-looking and the grass thin and short. It looks almost ashamed to be there. The sky is gray and colorless. A few solitary huts, with red roofs, are dotted over the landscape. At one of the stations there is a square meter of garden, which looks like a spot of brocaded satin on the ground. By degrees the scenery changes and becomes more restricted. The hills grow nearer and almost touch the railway. They are stony rocks. Between the breaks in these rocks corn-fields and grass-plats are occasionally caught sight of with herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, watched over by men covered with lamb-skins. Greasy streams of water and stagnant ditches intersect the landscape. At Macomer are seen the first houses. They are all small, low and covered with red roofs. There the old monotony recommences, varied by a few cemeteries which lie along the road. This lasts until Oristano is reached, when a perfect change takes place. We are suddenly thrown in the midst of civilization once more. There are villas and parks and bronze gates, and the people are dressed according to the latest fashion plates. The wildest parts of Sardinia are past, with their wild steppes and wild vegetation, and their rough and rocked hills, and their uncouth men and beasts. We enter now civilized Sardinia, which our artist friend compared to an old woman with dyed hair and cheeks, and dressed in ridiculous fashions. I do not know what made him think this; but when he told us of his thought, we others burst out laughing, and said he was right. The naked, rugged desert was better than this show of cultivation. If we could have turned back, we would have returned to Terranova and its marshes. All was natural there; and nature at its ugliest is more beautiful than art. Shortly afterward we entered Cagliari. The town was in holiday attire—a saint's festival had been held. It had lasted four days. We reached Cagliari on the evening of the fourth day, and were still in time to see the country people who had flocked together in their holiday dress. The women are of the Zingara type, with olive complexions and large, velvety eyes. They wear blue or red skirts, plaited very full, and their necks are covered with jewelry. Long, thick gold chains are coiled three or four round their throats. White veils are on their heads. The men wear large white wide-awakes, instead of the black bag-caps. If looked at they would lower the brim over the face, and turn away, red with anger. The fishermen of Cagliari wear the old traditional Sardinian custom, with only a handkerchief on the neck. Otherwise, modern fashions have invaded all classes of society at Cagliari, which is rapidly forgetting its old Sardinian customs. In the midst of the crowd, however, we see the players of launeddas, or pipers—the pipes being merely reeds with holes in them. Sardinians used to be famous launeddas players once, and one of them, who was blind, traveled the world about twenty or thirty years ago, astonishing all who heard him. The pipes are only a few inches long. The gamins of Cagliari laugh at the music now; they have grown to think themselves too good for it. They have instead learned the word "flirting," which they use in a way of their own, and not at all American.—*Boston Transcript.*

Cranberry Picking.

A cranberry bed, when the pickers are afield, is a pretty sight. Picking begins usually about the middle of September and lasts until the close of October, the fields being flooded at night toward the close of the season to guard against frost. Cranberry picking is made the holiday of the year. Whole families come and "camp out," or live in rude houses on the grounds through the season. Some drive to the bed each morning in their own conveyances, returning home at night. The picking is done methodically, each worker having his or her appointed section. One cent and a half per quart is paid for picking. The presence in a field of 150 persons of both sexes, most of them young, cannot but be productive of much mirth and jollity. Laughter and good-natured railery abound, and friendly contests as to expertness in picking are common. In these contests it is generally the case that the awkward lad is left far behind by the deft fingers of the maiden. However, cranberry picking is not all in the sunshine. His cramped position is apt to render the workman uncomfortable, and stooping over the wet bogs of a frosty morning is not pastime.—*Boston Traveler.*

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

A Glance at the Belles of Early Ages.

Undoubtedly there is much idle talk about the wonderful extravagance of ladies of the present day, their pursuit of constantly changing styles, and the luxuries demanded by those who can, or think they can, afford the expense. One would be led to suppose, in the absence of knowledge to the contrary, that these were things of modern growth. But just look at the "style" they used to put on in early ages, and their enormous extravagance.

We are told that the ladies of Lesbos slept on roses whose perfume had been artificially heightened. And in those times court maidens powdered their hair with gold.

Marc Antony's daughter did not change her dress half a dozen times a day, as do the Saratoga graces, but she made the lampreys in her fish-pond wear earrings.

The dresses of Lollia Paulina, the rival of Aggripina, were valued at $2,664,480. This did not include her jewels. She wore at one supper $1,562,500 worth of jewels, and it was a plain citizen's supper. The luxury of Poppaea, beloved by Nero, was equal to that of Lollia.

The women of the Roman empire indulged in all sorts of luxuries and excesses, and these were revived under Napoleon I. in France. Madame Talien bathed herself in a wash of strawberries and raspberries, and had herself rubbed down with sponges dipped in milk and perfumes.

Ovid says that in his day girls were taught to smile gracefully.

The beauties of ancient times were just as vain as modern belles, and spent the greater part of the day at their toilet. The use of cosmetics was universal among them. Aspasia and Cleopatra (models of female beauty, it is said) both used an abundance of paint, and each wrote a treatise on cosmetics. Cleopatra used bear's grease to keep her hair from falling out. Roman ladies were so careful of their complexions that to protect them they wore masks. The Athenian women of antiquity were very studious of their attitudes and actions, and thought a hurried and sudden step a certain sign of rusticity.

We have certain styles of beauty nowadays; so had the Greeks They went wild over the "ideal chin"—neither sharp nor blunt, but gently undulating in its outline, and losing itself gradually and almost insensibly in the fullness of the neck. The union of the two eyebrows was esteemed by the Romans as a beauty. It is said they admired the air of dignity it gives to the face.

An Albanian belle of the day presents a rather striking appearance. She is, as a rule, gayly coifed with seed pearls and coins, and enveloped in a black serge pelisse. She uses paint on her face profusely, and her taste runs to cherry lips and cheeks and jet black eyebrows strongly drawn. An Albanian bride discards paint for a while, and if wealthy wears a suit something like this: Rose-colored under robes, with an over-robe of dark green velvet, the idea being taken from a rosebud half folded in its leaves. Thus arrayed, the girl of handsome features is said to look really bewitching.

The Tartars despise prominent nasal appendages, and the woman who has the smallest nose is esteemed the most charming, but to outside barbarians she is a perfect fright.

The women of Spiti, in India, wear tunics and trousers of woolen stuff, with large boots, partly of leather, partly of blanket, which come up to the knee, and which they are fond of taking off at any time. In order to get greater warmth they often put a quantity of flour into these boots. Their taste in regard to ornaments runs much to all sorts of rings, including nose-rings.

A typical woman in the interior of Africa is thus described: "Her skin was leathery, coarse and wrinkled; her figure was tottering and knock-kneed; her thin hair hung in greasy locks; on her wrists and ankles she had almost an arsenal of metal links of iron, brass and copper, strong enough to bind a prisoner in his cell. About her neck were hanging chains of iron, strips of leather, strings of wooden balls, and heaven knows what lumber more."

Fashion Notes.

A great deal of red will be worn by little people.

Street costumes are either very gay or very sober.

The fishwife's poke is the novelty for little girls' wear.

Arabi red is the newest and liveliest shade of this color.

Tan-colored, long-wristed loose gloves are the first favorites of fashion.

Plush artificial flowers and leaves are striking, elegant novelties in millinery.

Plush is as frequently used for children's dressy wraps as for larger people.

Little girls wear pelisses similar to those of their mothers and older sisters.

Little girls' dresses are even more quaint and picturesque than in summer.

Fashionable women wear laced shoes, but the button boot is by no means discarded.

Combinations of materials in contrasting colors appear in Paris imported costumes.

A skirt of bright plaid worn with a jacket of imperial blue makes a very attractive costume.

Jersey waists in new forms will be worn by little children, and to a limited extent by ladies.

English walking hats are trimmed with birds and bows of velvet and have long streamers of ribbon at the back.

The clematis of the East is taking the place of the wistaria, holding its bloom longer and being more hardy.

Close toques and English hats, that have been worn for driving all summer abroad, are now heralded in New York.

Copper shades with electric blue; strawberry red with rifle green, and brown with green, are the contrasts of color favored for autumn toilets.

Castellated edges make a tasteful finish for basques and skirt-front breadths of cloth and cashmere dresses. They are made more effective by being welted with a cord or fold of bias silk.

New basques are single-breasted. When ornamental bust drapery is added it takes the form of a long guimpe, or a short plastron, either square or oval, and made very full by gathers and folds.

Corded silks outnumber satins in imported dresses. These are to make a long, slender overdress, with skirts of rich brocaded silks that have the figures of plush or velvet thrown up on a corded silk surface.

Students' caps of velvet with a soft crown, a shirred band, a large bow in front, and a bird's wing on the left side, are worn by young ladies, and are chosen to match the color of the costume with which they are worn.

Silk squares for the neck are doubled and pointed low in front, and the open space filled in with two frills of lace. Sky blue, crushed strawberry and crevette squares are used, with the edges scalloped or trimmed with lace or hemstitched.

Velvet round hats with high, square crowns and straight brims in sailor shape, are becoming to youthful faces. They have two wide bands of velvet folded around the crown, and a dagger or arrow of gilt, bronze or silver is thrust in the band.

Last year's dresses may be easily brought into style by arranging a panier draped sash of satin surah on the edge of the basque. The plaits of last year's basques are taken out and the seams are sewed up and bound to the edges. A surplice drapery of surah over the bosom is added, and the sleeves are trimmed to match, with a puff at the top, if the wearer is slender; a plaited scarf at the wrist if she be stout. The large buttons of last year are replaced by small round ones, the old buttonholes being concealed either by making the dress lap the other way, or if that cannot well be done, by inserting a pointed vest or a plastron. Fashion authorities say that a great many plastrons or vests are to be worn, some embroidered, some plain, some plaited; these may be either of the dress material, or with band of similar ribbon, which is more frequent, of the fabric used for trimming.

How to Become a Contortionist.

The St. Louis *Chronicle* says: Jesse, one of the three "Les Encaoyables" brothers, now playing at Pope's with the Kiralfys, was interrogated last night as to the system of training through which a man must go in order to do a first-class contortion act. The reader will no doubt be surprised to hear that no rubbing of the joints with buzzard's grease or sleeping between oiled blankets is necessary, and that genuine ease and proficiency can be acquired only by long practice. Mr. Jesse, who is now in his twenty-eighth year, has had twenty-two years' practice, having been apprenticed to John Wilson, a well-known circus man of California, at the age of six years. At the time he began to learn he was only an ordinary boy, not at all remarkable either for strength or agility. When the four years of the apprenticeship had expired he was pronounced a fair contortionist and offered a good salary by Wilson. At this time he was able to do "easy kicking," and by continuing the exercise has been able to acquire astonishing powers. The contortionist, he says, is never allowed to do any heavy lifting or jumping, because such exercise contracts and stiffens the joints.

"To be able to tickle your ear with your toe," said he, "you have only to take about two hours' practice daily for four or five years, and it is best to begin early." The boy who begins to learn is

The Centre Reporter.

FRED KURTZ ..... EDITOR.

CENTRE HALL, PA. Oct. 19 1882,

Democratic State Ticket.

FOR GOVERNOR,
ROBERT E. PATTISON, of Philad.

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
CHAUNCY F. BLACK, of York.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE,
SILAS M. CLARK, of Indiana county.

FOR SECRETARY OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS,
J. SIMPSON AFRICA, of Huntingdon.

FOR CONGRESSMAN-AT-LARGE.
MORTIMER F. ELLIOT, of Tioga.

Democratic County Ticket.

CONGRESS,
ANDREW G. CURTIN,

SENATOR
HON. C. T. ALEXANDER

REPRESENTATIVES.
HENRY MEYER,
BENJAMIN F. HUNTER.

JURY COMMISSIONER,
J. H. TOLBERT.

CORONER.
DR. H. K. HOY.

Put down Centre county 1400 plurality for Pattison.

The comet is what did it in Ohio. Next wer'e going to comet in Pennsylvania too.

Some republicans blame the comet for the Ohio defeat. Well, they can't comet it in Pennsylvania either.

In a speech in Lancaster county on Monday of last week, Gen. Beaver called the Independents "crying hypocrites, without a single drop of manly blood in their cowardly carcasses."

Orwig had a law shop in Philadelphia and left there for certain reasons not to his credit. In running him for congress in this district means that the republicans will let the election go by default for Curtin.

Curtin's nomination for congress is warmly endorsed by all the democratic papers in this district, and it meets the wishes of the masses just as well, and he will be re-elected by an overwhelming majority, and be a credit to his constituents, and——.

The vote in Ohio was a full one—the defeat of the bosses under it was full and complete. Now for Pennsylvania, we have the worst bosses here, and by giving Pattison a full vote, the Cameron gang go over board.

Remember Ohio.

Neither of the democratic organs in Clinton and Clearfield have put up the name of Alexander for Senator. Something should be done to clear up the bribery muddle to the satisfaction of the people so the democratic vote can be centered upon one candidate. We see nothing yet that smirches Mr. Alexander in this affair. Democrats will not tolerate anything that has the odor of corruption about it and we are proud to see them assert such a position. What we denounce in republicans we must also discountenance when it crops out in our own party.

We cannot at this time afford to let Cameron have a senator from this district thro' want of harmony among the democrats—and that will be the result if this bribery muddle at Lock Haven is not dealt with as it should be. If Mr. Alexander's hands are clean—as we believe—then there is no excuse for the organs in the other counties refusing to support him.

The republican congressional conferees of this district met in Bellefonte, last week, and nominated Sam'l H. Orwig, of Lewisburg, for congress.

The greatest boast of Orwig's life will be that he ran against Curtin for congress, which will compensate him for a woeful defeat.

The republicans of Ohio, last year, passed a very unfair apportionment bill. They re-districted the state in such a manner as would leave the democrats only 4 out of the 21 congressional districts. The people last week put their foot upon the infamy by making the republicans take 5 out of the 21. How swiftly justice has overtaken them!

The glorious result in Ohio was a defeat of the bosses, over which every honest man will rejoice. It was a fair standup fight between the corrupt gang led by Sherman, Forster & Co., and the democrats and reform republicans. The latter triumphed by an overwhelming majority, and the rascals are down. The verdict is one in favor of honest government. The people are tired of being robbed and plundered. Now let every honest man in Pennsylvania do his duty by voting for Pattison.

Republicans are trying to make capital out of an alleged charge against Will Tobias, that he is trying to fasten a claim of $3,880 on the county for indexing dockets. Mr. Tobias did not act in a position to which he was elected by democratic votes, and if he is bringing in an enormous bill for services let us wait and see whether democratic commissioners and auditors will sanction a wrong, and if so, then it will be time enough for republicans to charge the democrats with corruption. Just now it is premature to saddle Mr. Tobias' claim on the democrats.

Just as the REPORTER was worked off last week, we were handed Mr. Rhone's letter declining the republican nomination for Assembly. Mr. Rhone being a greenbacker and a granger can not consistently nor conscientiously accept a nomination from a party that is run entirely by monopolists and bosses. The proper place for men like our neighbor Mr. Rhone, is in the democratic party—the party that is of and for the masses.

Even in this county, the chiefs of the republican machine are monopolists. First monopolizes all the law practice; John I. Rankin monopolizes[?] the campaign fund; Dan Hastings is trying to monopolize all the corpulence; Bill Shortlege monopolizes all the credit for the denial that Beaver went back on Blaine at Chicago, and even has it printed in a book; Gen. Beaver monopolizes all the county fairs and Sunday school pic-nics; Ed. Blanchard and Jack Love monopolize all the indifference as to the success of Beaver; and so on, and so forth.

The only way Mr. Rhone and anti-monopolists can look upon a party manned thus, is with the wide end of a telescope next to the eye—throwing them away far as possible.

Col. Quay's instructions to his emissaries in 1878 were: "Go ahead with the greenback campaign. I will foot the bill." He is issuing the same kind of instructions this year to his organizers of bogus lodges of Knights of Labor.

THE OHIO ELECTION.

The democratic plurality in Ohio will be 20,000. In Hamilton county there was a net democratic gain of 14,000.

Cincinnatti, Oct. 12.—The best information relating to the result of the vote on Congressmen gives the Republicans Morey in the Seventh District, Robinson in the Ninth, McCormick in the Eleventh, Keifer in the Eighth, Updegraff in the Seventeenth and Taylor in the Nineteenth. The contest is very close in the Twelfth, Fourteenth, Eighteenth and Twentieth districts. The chances are in favor of the Democratic candidates. The official count will be required to get at the truth. Special dispatches say: "Reports from the Twelfth Congressional District show that Hart (Rep.) is elected by 27 majority, and in the Eighteenth District that McKinley (Rep.) is elected by 7 majority. Updegraff, who was reported dying, is said to be out of danger."

Columbus, Ohio, Oct. 12.—Returns received from fifty counties show a net Democratic gain of 35,290. The thirty-eight counties yet to be heard from will, it is estimated, increase the Democratic majority to 40,000. The Democratic gains in Cuyahoga, Franklin, Hamilton and Montgomery counties will exceed Foster's majority last year. The congressional delegation will likely stand fourteen Democrats and Seven Republicans. Unofficial reports elect Hart (Rep.) over Neal (Dem.) by fifteen votes, and Morley (Rep.) over Campbell (Dem.) by 42 votes. The Democrats claim that Wallace is elected over McKinley by 41 votes. Stark county has not yet been heard from officially.

A taxpayer charges that the county is going to or has paid W. A. Tobias $3,855.-88 for indexing the deed dockets. The work was probably worth about $500, but then you know the democrats are for reform. Lewistown *Gazette*.

Hold on Methusaleh of the *Gazette*, if there proves to be a steal here, the democracy of our county will denounce it, which is more than the *Gazette* and its party do with the big thieves in their ranks.

In the present Congress Ohio has 15 Republican and 5 Democratic Representatives, and the vote of the State for Governor last year was: Forster, Republican, 312,735: Bookwalter, Democrat, 288,426; Ludlow, Prohibitionist, 16,597; Seitz, Greenbacker, 6,330.

Last week Ohio reversed the old ordor of things. It was a square fight between the republicans and the democrats, and there was no faction fight in the republican party as there is in our state—and the democrats swept the state from one end to the other. The reasons for this change can alone be found in republican corruption and extravagance, which has become too great for the people longer to bear.

The Ohio election means that the thieves must step down and out.

LATEST SENATORIAL MOVE.

Clearfield and Clinton have appointed new conferees who were to meet at Tyrone on Wednesday, 18, and invited Centre to do the same.

The Dem. Standing committee met at Bellefonte on Tuesday and recommended the old conferees to go to Tyrone, with instructions to use their best endeavors for the good of the party, and if possible, to effect the nomination of C. T. Alexander, for senator.

CURTIN FOR SPEAKER.

The magnificent democratic victory in Ohio last week which brings a handsome gain of democratic congressmen, will undoubtedly make the next congress democratic. Let A. G. Curtin be the speaker, his national reputation, his abilities, and his distinguished services in the present congress in favor of reform will entitle Gov. Curtin to this distinction. His views upon all questions affecting our industrial interests are sound, and upon public questions he is in accord with the people. Besides this what more effectual snub to Keifer—the Ohio tool of the jobbers—than to have Gov. Curtin follow him in the speaker's chair.

The Lock Haven *Democrat* in closing an editorial upon the senatorial bribery, says:

A few black sheep doubtless wear the cloak of Democracy, but the Democratic party differs from the Republican party in this that when such men are discovered in our ranks they are unmasked to the public gaze, whereas Republican corruptionists are the pillars and bosom friends of the administration, who delight in placing the crown of victory on the brows of treachery and bribery. Notwithstanding this unfortunate and disgraceful occurrence the Democratic candidates from Governor down to Jury Commissioner are men above reproach and, unlike poor dog Tray, they should not suffer with the guilty for crimes of which they are innocent.

Hon. Jere. S. Black is in Pittsburg for the purpose of arguing a case before the supreme court. It was reported that he would also present an argument to the tariff commission. When interviewed on the subject, he said: "No, I will not argue before the tariff commission. I do not know any of the members and I wouldn't know any of them for ten dollars a piece. My pleas are always for justice, and I might as well argue constitutional law before Ulysses S. Grant, or present a scriptural text to Robert G. Ingersoll, as to expect justice from the representatives of the many special interests of which the commission is composed."

Some of the would-be tariff tinkers would like to have certain materials used in the manufacture of commercial fertilizers "protected," so that the cost of fertilizers may be enhanced, to the pecuniary advantage of the manufacturers. How do the farmers of the country, already great sufferers by our enormous tariff, relish that idea? Nearly all commercial fertilizers are too high priced already. It seems quite unnecessary to force the price still higher by law.

This item from the Clinton *Democrat* we adopt for Centre county:

What are the Garfield men in Clinton county going to do at the November election? Will they support the boss ticket and assist to give the men who hounded the dead President a new lease of power? If the bosses get a new grip on power the living idol of the Garfield party may "whistle down the wind" for future success.

It seems that new conferees will be elected this week by Centre, Clearfield and Clinton counties, and a new conference be held at once to nominate a senator.

The Clearfield democratic county committee emphatically denounced the bribery at the late democratic senatorial conference of this district, declared that the nomination of Alexander is not binding and exculpated Representative Flynn. New conferees were appointed without instructions.

An exchange says there is a vast difference between a Greenback party and a party with greenbacks.

Yes, and a party with greenbacks means the republican party, and a terrible bad party it has got to be. There's the difference.

[FROM THE CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.]

SENATORIAL IMBROGLIO.

To W. W. Betts, Chairman of the Democratic County Committee, and to the Democracy of Clearfield Co:—

In view of the fact that certain communications and statements have appeared in the papers throughout the State, reflecting on the actions of the conferees in the XXXIV. Senatorial District, and referring particularly to myself, thereby doing great injury to the County Democracy which I represented in this Conference, and to the candidate presented to the conference by Clearfield county, Hon. James Flynn. I deem it incumbent upon myself to make this statement of the true facts concerning the matter, so that all innocent parties may be exculpated.

I met along with the rest of the conferees at Lock Haven, Pa., on the evening of Tuesday, Oct. 3, and on Wednesday, 4th, during the afternoon, Robert G. Quiggle, one of Clinton county's conferees, approached me and informed me "that he thought the matter could be settled in favor of Mr. Flynn by the payment of the campaign expenses to Mr. Caldwell." I replied that I would see him again. I concluded that if it was only the legitimate expense money of Caldwell's campaign, that the proper thing to do would be for me to see that gentleman himself. I called on him shortly after and requested a conference. He being busy at that time stated that he would see me shortly.

His clerk, about 9 o'clock that evening, came to the room where several of the conferees along with myself were assembled and said to me: "Mr. Caldwell wishes to see you in his room." I repaired to the room and asked him if there could not be an arrangement made between him and Mr. Flynn by which a nomination could be made. Mr. Caldwell replied that he would be "willing to pay all of Mr. Flynn's legitimate expenses of the campaign, if he (Flynn) would nominate him. I replied: Just let it rest for the present." I then left the room. Shortly after this, I called on Mr. Flynn and stated to him what Mr. Caldwell had said. He replied: "Oh, no! nothing of that sort will do. I am going away on the 5 o'clock train in the morning for home. I leave this thing in my conferees' hands, and you must neither offer or accept any money to affect a nomination."

On Thursday morning shortly after breakfast, I walked up street past George Ronion's saloon. He was standing in the door, and said to me: "Do you know that Flynn's nomination could be made for $800." My reply was, That is very cheap, George; who can do it?" George says: "One of Caldwell's conferees was to see me and said they would be willing to make the nomination for that sum, as they only asked that a part of the campaign expenses be paid by Mr. Flynn." I told George in this case to inform them that I would accept the position. He replied that he would let me know at 12 o' clock of the same day.

I called on him at that hour, and he replied: "That they thought that it was not enough; but if he would pay $500, they would be willing, as their campaign expenses were more than at first supposed." I said to Ronion that I would arrange the next day. About 4 o'clock, Thursday evening, Caldwell met me and stated he was tired of this thing and would like to have it all over, and his conferees were at liberty to do as they pleased. He met me again on Friday, about noon, and repeated it.

On Friday I paid Mr. Ronoin $500, and supposed everything was correct, until about 1 o'clock p. m., when Mr. Quiggle invited me up in his room, stating that he wished to have a consultation with me. On reaching his room, he said: "Mr. Jackson, we have set a trap for you; we have been trying to catch Ronion for a long time, and now we have him, and we have you, if you will nominate Mr. Caldwell, your money shall be returned to you, and there will nothing more said about it. If you refuse, I will expose you before the conference." My reply was: "You can go to hell, and you can inform your master that I said so. And say to him, that I would be pleased to see him." Quiggle said, "Don't be hasty; I will go and see Caldwell and have another consultation and see if something can't be done."

After waiting sometime, I called on Mr. Alexander, the candidate from Centre, and his conferees, and stated to him what had transpired. Shortly after they went into consultation with Caldwell and his conferees.

The conference met about 4 o'clock, when Mr. Quiggle made a statemant concerning the charges which they alleged, and to which I replied in substance as above stated. None of Mr. Caldwell's conferees denied a single thing in this statement. In this I think the entire conference will bear me out.

The above is a truthful statement of the whole affair so far as I know, and which I make with no view of shielding myself in this matter, but only that justice be done to all parties.

To the above facts I am willing to be qualified if necessary.

Yours, Respectfully,
A. J. JACKSON.

Clearfield, Oct. 10, 1882.

A CARD FROM MR. FLYNN.

To the Democracy of Clearfield Co.:

It is with feelings of deep regret that the force of circumstances over which I had no control has placed me in a position that requires any statement in defence of my character and position that has been assailed by the action of the late Senatorial conference at Lock Haven.

The facts in the case, as far as I can learn from investigation and from my own knowledge, is briefly as follows: After repeated meetings and adjournments of the conference, and the final meeting at Lock Haven on Friday, I remained at Lock Haven with the other candidates, Messrs. Caldwell and Alexander, until Thursday morning, when I left on the 5 o'clock train for my home at Jarsville, and heard and knew nothing of what was transpiring a Lock Haven until Monday morning followitg, when I came to Tyrone expecting to meet the conference there, as it was agreed that an adjournment was to be made to that place in the event of no nomination being made that week. I was stationed beyond the reach of speedy mail or telegraphic communication.

On Wednesday evening, Mr. Jackson one of my conferees, told me that he had had a conversation with Mr. Caldwell and he (Caldwell) would pay my legitimate expenses if I would nominate him. I answered, "that I could make no arrangements, as Clearfield claimed the nomination as a matter of right, now, all I asked my conferees to do is to ballot for me, and should it result in the nomination of either of the other gentlemen, we would be content; but in no event let nothing dishonorable be done in my interest."

Late that night, when I was about retiring to bed, Dr. J. H. Larimer came to the hotel and told me that George Ronion wished to see me. I told him I was going to bed, and was going home on the 5 o'clock a. m. train and could not see him. He said it was important and thought I should see him. I told him it was too late, as I did not wish to go out again.

I took the 5 a. m. train and proceeded to my home. I know nothing more about this matter, and further explanation will be made by the conferees. It is my purpose to have the matter fully and thoroughly investigated, and I feel satisfied from the investigation already made that it will be clearly shown that the whole matter was the growth of corrupt overtures made in the interests of Mr. Caldwell, and I sincerely regret that the Democratic party of this county is forced to feel the disgrace that attaches to it, and I trust the people of this county, who so generously selected me as their choice for the nomination, will accept this statement and that of the inculpated conferees as relieving me from any knowledge or participation in this proceeding.

Yours, &c.,
JAMES FLYNN.

THE OTHER SIDE

MR. S. WOODS CALDWELL'S STATEMENT.

"About 7 o'clock Wednesday evening, Oct. 4th, I came to the hotel office from my room My clerk, Mr. Frank Quiggle, said to me: 'One of the Clearfield men wants to see you. I think it is Ferguson.' I said, in reply, 'I am here; he can see me.' The clerk went up stairs and was immediately followed down by A. J. Jackson. Jackson came to me and said, 'I want to talk with you.' I said, 'take a chair.' He said: 'Come up to the room,' and he lead the way to room No. 21, the room he occupied in the hotel. We took chairs. Jackson commenced by saying, 'I am convinced this dead lock must be broken by you or Flynn. Flynn is willing to pay all expenses you have made in your canvass, no matter how much they are.' I immediately got up and said, 'so far as I am concerned I can do nothing in the matter. I have relieved my conferees from any personal obligation. They will do what they believe is their duty to the county they represent and nothing more.' I immediately left the room. About ten o'clock the same evening, R. C. Quiggle came to me and said, 'Geo. Ronion just offered me $300 if Wensel and I would break the dead lock, and vote for Flynn.' I then asked Mr Quiggle to assist so far as he could, in obtaining evidence toward the conviction of any parties attempting to use money to make the nomination, which he agreed to do. I then suggested if Ronion approached him again he should say that $300 was very little money. That he would have to make it not less than $500, for the purpose of keeping Ronion from suspecting that he was only after evidence to convict him, or any other person connected with the affair. Thursday morning, Oct. 5, between 9 and 10 o'clock, Mr. Wensel told me that Ronion had asked him if he had seen Quiggle, and said he would raise a pot of $300 to be divided, if he and Quiggle would break the dead lock and vote for Flynn. About 1 o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Quiggle came to me and said, 'Geo. Ronion says the party did not have the amount, and did not like to give a check, but would try and have conference adjourned until the next day and would go to Tyrone on the afternoon train and get the money.' Just before leaving time of the Tyrone train, I called Mr. Alexander to his room and said, 'I have proof of money to be used in the interest of Flynn's nomination. Will you assist in obtaining evidence to convict the parties, by noting the fact that the conference is being adjourned to accommodate A. J. Jackson in going to Tyrone, and also, noting the fact of Jackson going in the direction of Tyrone on the train you will take to Bellefonte,' which Mr. Alexander agreed to do. I said I had proof Jackson was going to Tyrone for money for corrupt purposes in this conference and I would expose the whole affair as soon as I could get the evidence. Friday, Oct. 6, between 1 and 2 o'clock, Mr. Quiggle came to my room and counted out on the table $400 saying, this money was paid to them to vote in the conference for James Flynn. They sealed the money in a large envelope and wrote their names across the seal and gave it to me as evidence. I immediately sent for Mr. Alexander and told him of the evidence I had in my possession. Mr. Alexander and I agreed that when the conference convened and Mr. Quiggle exposed the matter, that an adjournment was necessary to give Clearfield county time to be honestly represented. Alexander then said he would see his conferees before the conference should be called. The conferees of Centre and Clinton were then called together. It was then agreed by the conferees, in the presence of Alexander and myself, that they should vote for an adjournment until 8 p. m., after Mr. Quiggle had exposed the whole matter to the conference, to give them time to consider what was the best thing to be done for the party."

BREAKERS IN NEW YORK.

Elsewhere we have alluded to the forgery resorted to in the New York republican state convention to nominate Folger, stalwart and administration candidate, for governor, and that it was likely to wreck the party. The forgery consisted in Mr. French voting for an absent delegate, Mr. Robinson. French produced a forged telegram stating that French wished him to be his substitute. By this fraud the stalwarts got one vote which nominated Folger and placed the machine in their hands. Now there is a great cry of rebellion among honest republicans. The *Independent*, an old republican organ, of 5 says:

"Last week, with great hesitation, we expressed the conclusion that, considering Secretary Folger's excellent character, which is in such contrast with that of the machine which nominated him, it would be better to vote for him than to defeat the party in this state. Since that time so much further evidence has accumulated of the atrocious forgeries and frauds by which that nomination was effected, and of the objects which were in view in securing it, that we can no longer give a hesitating support to Mr. Folger. We respect him as much as we detest the men and means that have nominated him. But these men and means not merely partially, they utterly taint the nomination. We had confidently hoped that he would see it his duty to withdraw from the field. An honest man should not rest on fraud. A decent man should not take office more than money from villians. He, however, thinks himself bound by his antecedent consent to run, and believes he could not decline without bringing great damage to the party. But we are not bound and Republicans are not bound to support or vote for him. There are times, and this is one, when the party must be thrown overboard. The lesson may be as good a one to New York Republicans as was the election of the Democratic Gaston as governor of Massachusetts to the Republicans of that state.

Pattison has at last yielded to solicitations and invitations, and is now on a tour thro' the coal regions. The trip into Northern Pennsylvania by way of Wilkesbarre and Towanda, was the occasion of much enthusiasm all along his line of march and will create a feeling that will draw out a vote in his favor that otherwise might not have come to the polls. Wherever he goes there is a genuine feeling which betokens good results.

Fearful ravages of diptheria are reported from Virginia. Reports from Spottsylvania state that the ravages in that locality have reached an alarming extent. Nearly two hundred deaths have occurred within the last sixty days. Not a family has escaped the great scourge. Twenty pupils of one school district have died with the dread disease, which the physicians seem unable to control.

A CAMPAIGN SLANDER NAILED.

Captain Gallagher, of Harrisburg, a watchman on the public grounds of the capitol, is used by the Stalwarts to go out with Delaney in campaigns and endeavor to mislead Irish voters. Gallagher is now in Pittsburg, engaged at his nefarious work, appealing to the Irish citizens to vote against Pattison because Pattison denounced the Irish early in 1881. He claims that Controller Pattison, in a speech from the steps of the Independence Hall, had used the following language: "I say to you the Mc's and the O's must go to the rear. Honesty and decency have come to the front, and the O's and the Mc's can go to their old calling of carrying the hod."

A friend of Mr. Pattison in Pittsburg wrote to the Controller a letter of inquiry in regard to the alleged speech. Here is the answer:

Philadelphia, Oct. 9, 1882.—My Dear Sir:—I thank you for your friendly letter of the 6th. Let me answer your inquiry directly. You want to know if, as I am charged by one Gallagher (said to be a watchman at the Public Buildings at Harrisburg), I made a speech in Philadelphia, in which it is alleged the following language was used: "The Mc's and the O's must go to the rear. Honesty and decency have come to the front, and the O's and the Mc's can go to their old calling of carrying the hod." I never made any such speech, in whole or part, and never uttered at any time any such language or any sentence that could be so construed. The whole matter is an entire fabrication, designed to injure me with a portion of my fellow citizens, and is the last effort of the bosses and their corrupt employer to mislead the people, and thus prevent an honest expression of the public opinion and aid them in retaining their control of power. I cannot believe, however, that it can have any such effect at this time.

Respectfully, etc.,
ROBERT E. PATTISON.

To James Irvin, Esq.

More than this, the Philadelphia *Times* copies the reports of Pattison's speech at the time mentioned from all the Philadelphia dailies of the following day, and nothing approaching the language above is found there.

EGYPT.

Alexandria, Oct. 10.—Four natives were executed this morning at Damanhour for murder.

London, Oct. 10.—The correspondent of the Daily *News* at Cario says: Arabi Pasha believes his life to be in danger. There have been certain incidents which might demoralize the Circassians guarding him. One of the 'Khedive's Entourage has been heard to say that he would like to administer to Arabi a cup of bad coffee, and the Khedive has remarked that he and Arabi could not live in the same country.

A dispatch to the Central News from Cairo reports that the indictments against the rebel chiefs contains three counts: First, instigating massacres; second, directing the burning of Alexandria; and third, abusing the flag of truce.

Puny, weak and sickly children are made healthy and strong by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

A MILLIONAIRE'S MOTTO.

The *Sun*:—Mr. William H. Vanderbilt is making a trip to the West to see the country and railroads. When he arrived at Chicago a New York *Times* correspondent had an interview with him. The talk related to the rich man's railroad interests, and in the course of conversation the reporter asked Mr. Vanderbilt whether his limited express did not pay.

"No, not a bit of it," was the response. "We only run it because we are forced to do so by the action of the Pennsylvania road. It does not pay expenses. We would abandon it if it were not for our competitor keeping its train on."

"But don't you run it for the public benefit?" asked the guileless correspondent.

"The public be damned!" said Mr. Vanderbilt. "What does the public care for railroads, except to get as much out of them for as small a consideration as possible? I don't take any stock in this silly nonsense about working for anybody's good but our own, because we are not."

Here we have the true sentiments of the heart. *The public be damned!* This is what William H. Vanderbilt says to the people of the United States. How do they like it?

Through the exercises of the right of eminent domain the public have established the great railways in which his millions are so profitably invested. Through the legislative power the public have created the corporations which enable individuals to own and use vast properties in association with others without incurring the excessive liabilities of partners. The public protect this man daily, hourly, indeed through every minute of his existence, in life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and yet, forsooth, he feels himself so superior to mankind that he contemptuously exclaims: "The public be damned!"

Let him put this motto on the outside of the palace car in which he is dashed through the Western country with his bilarious party of festive friends. Let him blazon it on his carriage. Let him write it across the famous Florentine doors of his costly residence on Fifth avenue. Let him inscribe it in plain view high on the walls of the Grand Central Depot of this city, so that men, women and children may see what William H. Vanderbilt said: "The public be damned!"

Underneath it might be placed another remark of his utterance on the same occasion: "Railroads are not run on sentiment, but on business principles, and to pay." To illustrate the business principles, there should be a reference to the Spuyten Duyvil disaster and the tunnel collision, followed by the words "More to come!"

Everybody knows that the old Commodore hesitated long and anxiously before he decided to give his money to William H. Vanderbilt. Nobody can wonder at it now.

Further light has been thrown upon the murderers of William F. Cummings, formerly of Kishacoquillas valley, who was killed in California in 1879, while defending himself. A dispatch from Louisville, Ky., dated October 6, says: "Within a few months it was determined that the highwaymen were Chas. Dorsey, alias Chas. More and J. C. Patterson, alias Stevicts. In December last Charles Collins, alias "Keyhole," was arrested in St. Louis for bugiary. Some California convicts being placed in the same jail recognized the prisoner as Patterson. Information was sent to San Francisco, and Chief Detective Capt. J. W. Lees and Capt. Charles Aull, special officer of Wells & Fargo, took up the case. In examining the papers in Patterson's case in St. Louis they discovered the man's name, C. H. Thorn, of Union City, on the Ohio and Indiana line, was interested in the prisoner's behalf. The officers determined to investigate Thorn, and on arriving at Union City found him to be Dorsey, the man wanted. He was engaged in the lumber and saloon business there, and was well thought of. The California officers came near being mobbed, but succeeded in getting the prisoner on the train and taking him to St Louis. Capt. Aull, in search for the missing bullion, came to Louisville on the 6th, and, with the assistance of Captain Bligh, found that the two men were here in December. The bullion was shipped from there to the Philadelphia mint, and $4,074 received in return was divided over the counter of Specht's saloon, on Jefferson street, Louisville."

A PRISONER MOBBED.

Evansville, Ind., Oct. 11.—At ten minutes past 2 o'clock this morning about one hundred mounted men from Posey county quietly surrounded the county jail, awoke the sheriff and demanded of him the keys of the jail. Then they went to the cell of Redman, who is imprisoned for wife murder, took him out, and putting him in a buggy, drove off with him. Upon their leaving a number of shots were fired and the firebells were rung for the purpose of notifying the police, but before their arrival the squad was out of sight, going down the street leading to Mount Vernon road. The sheriff was warned only a moment before the mob arrived at the jail, and before he could get to the outer door to lock it the mob was on him and held him a prisoner. The police on arriving commenced firing down the street in the direction taken by the mob, and one of them, named Dave Murphy, living near Redman's house, in Posey Co., was killed.

The carriage in which Redman was being taken away was upset by a fire engine. Orders were then given to kill Redman on the spot, and one of the mob seized a sledge hammer and dealt him a powerful blow on the head, felling him to the ground. During the fight which followed between the mob and the officers, Redman's body was riddled with bullets. The officers were unable to make any arrests.

For 20 years the *American Agriculturist*, now in its 43d year, has been recognized as the leading Agricultural Journal of the world. Notwithstanding its past wonderful career, it now enters upon a new era, and proposes to excel its past accomplishments—moving forward to fresh conquests.

The October number appears in a new cover, new dress, new type, new Engravings, with new artists, and additional editorial writers, making altogether the most superb periodical of the kind ever issued. From this time forward the "American Agriculturist" is determined to avail itself of the best brain power, and the first artistic talent in the country. The proprietors have but to point to its past record as a guarantee of our promises for the future. Never before in its career was the Journal so prosperous as now, and at no time since the first year immediately following the war have subscriptions come in so numerously as they are now coming.

Price $1.50 a year. Single copies, fifteen cents. Orange Judd Company, David W. Judd, Vice-President; Samuel Burnham, Secretary. The REPORTER and "Agriculturist," one year, $3.

Sharpsburg, Allegheny Co., Pa.

I have had liver complaint for three years; I thought I would have to quit work; I have taken two bottles of your Peruna and am well. Thos. Bradford, 314 Western avenue, Alleghany City, Pa.

Ask your druggist for Dr. Hartman's book on the "Ills of life"—gratis.

Your Peruna for Indigestion and liver troubles helps me.

W. P. Brandon, East Liverpool, O.

I was suffering with pain in the chest, palpitation of the heart, with great swelling of the stomach. Peruna is doing wonders for me. John Donahian,

S. B. Hartman & Co., Osburn, O.—Gentlemen: Your valuable Peruna is the best medicine I ever used.

Nancy Fetterman, Cookport, Indiana Co., Penna.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

PIMPLES.

I will mail (Free) the receipt for a simple VEGETABLE BALM that will remove TAN, FRECKLES, PIMPLES and BLOTCHES, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address, inclosing 2c. stamp, Ben. Vandelf & Co., 12 Barclay st., New York.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, feels anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge,) with the directions for preparing and using the same which they will find a sure cure for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c.

Parties wishing the Prescription will please address Rev. E. A. WILSON, 191 Penn St., Williamsburg N. Y.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from Nervous DEBILITY, PREMATURE DECAY, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the receipt and direction for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferer willing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence,

Wasden JOHN B. OGDEN, 42 Cedar St. N. Y.

A Northern man has recently paid a dollar to a Southern farmer for a turkey he stole during the war. If this movement should become general, the South would soon be the "moneyed" end of the country.

Back Ache

POSITIVELY CURED BY

Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters.

Reasons Why they are Preferred to All Other Porous Plasters or External Remedies:

First.

Because they possess all the merit of the strengthening porous plaster, and contain in addition thereto the newly discovered powerful and active vegetable combination which acts with increased rubefacient, stimulating, sedative and counter irritant effects.

Second.

Because they are a genuine pharmaceutical preparation, and so recognized by the profession.

Third.

Because they are the only plasters that relieve pain at once.

Fourth.

Because they will positively cure diseases which other remedies will not even relieve.

Fifth.

Because over 5000 physicians and druggists have voluntarily testified that they are superior to all other plasters or medicines for external use.

Sixth.

Because the manufacturers have received the only medals ever given for porous plasters.

Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster!

SEABURY & JOHNSON,
Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25cts. MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

THAT WONDERFUL BOOK.
GUIDE TO SUCCESS.

WITH FORMS FOR BUSINESS AND SOCIETY

Is selling by tens of thousands. It is the most universally useful book ever published. It tells completely HOW TO DO EVERYTHING in the best way. How to be Your Own Lawyer. How to Do Business Correctly and Successfully. How to act in Society and everywhere. A gold mine of varied information to all classes for constant reference. WANTED—AGENTS for all or spare time. To know why this book of REAL value and attractions sells better than any other, apply for terms to H. B. SCAMMELL & CO., Philadelphia, Pa. 19augdm

THE CREAM OF ALL BOOKS OF ADVENTURE.

PIONEER AND DARING HEROES AND DEEDS

The thrilling adventures of all the hero explorers and frontier fights with Indians, outlaws and wild beasts, over our whole country, from the earliest times to the present. Live and famous exploits of Dekoto, LaSalle, Standish, Boone, Kenton, Brady, Crockett, Bowie, Houston, Carson, Custer, California Joe, Wilde Bill, Buffalo Bill, Gens. Miles and Cook, great Indian Chiefs and scores of others. Gorgeously illustrated with 175 fine engravings to the life. AGENTS WANTED. Low priced and beats anything to sell. STANDARD BOOK CO. Philadelphia, Pa. 19augdm

Highly Important Letter.

—||o||—

Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 7, 1882.
16 S. Water Street

CENTRE REPORTER:

Thinking a few words in regard to the Markets might be of interest, I give the following:

GROCERIES—Sugars are low, Syrups are easier and supplies generally are cheap.

—o—

NOTIONS—Some very nice and new things in Buttons, Laces, Silk Handkerchiefs, &c.

—o—

DRY GOODS—The new things in Prints are large figures and generally bright colors, also low in price; the most popular dress suitings are soft Flannel in all shades; Silk Lustres in olive and green and a line of Pacific Mills goods. In short, the market is full of desirable goods at very low prices.

—o—O—o—

At the PENN'S VALLEY BARGAIN STORE, during the next ten days the finest and largest stock of goods ever found in that celebrated Store will be opened. You will find

Best White Sugar 10c.
Choice Rio Coffee 12½c. Old Gov. Java 25c.
Gun Powder Tea 50c.
Valencia Raisins (very fine) 12c.
Fine line of new Buttons from 10c to 40c. dz. Fine Silk Handkerchiefs 50c. New Laces (silk) all prices.

Ladies dress goods Lustres (very nice) at 45c. Soft Flannels at 37½c. Ladies cloth 5 4 yd wide at 1.00, besides Velvets, Silks, &c. for trimming. Get them before they are all sold.

But the greatest bargain in Clothing—greater bargains than ever—buying far below cost. Come and see something new and fine.

Also a fine line of Hats, Caps, Boots, and Shoes.

In fact I claim I have the BEST and CHEAPEST STORE in Penn'svalley.

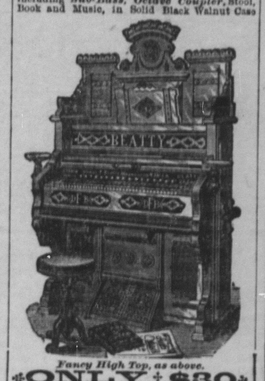
Call and see us Friday and Saturday, Oct. 13 and 14.

Very Respectfully,

CLEVAN DINGES.

BEATTY ORGANS

Five Octaves, one 3-5 Sets Reeds, *Eight Stops*, including *Sub-Bass, Octave Coupler*, Stool, Book and Music, in Solid Black Walnut Case



Fancy High Top, as above.

ONLY $80

THIS ORGAN IS BUILT ON THE OLD PLAN.

The Famous Beethoven Organ.

27 Stops, 10 Sets Reeds, $90

Boxed and shipped without a Moment's Delay. *Illustrated Catalogue FREE.*

Address or call upon

DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey

INVITATION.

Strangers passing through the city are cordially invited to visit the store, and make free use of its conveniences; leaving their luggage under check at any of the doors, or in the Luggage Room in the Department of Public Comfort.

Really we meant to have this important department in full operation before everybody got back from sea and mountain. It is made for strangers; and they seem to enjoy it, so far as it has got. It consists of a free Reading Room for gentlemen, a free Resting Room for ladies, free writing-facilities in both, closets, and other little conveniences; a soda and mineral-water fountain that isn't free; and a lunch-room to be added.

We make the great public welcome there, beyond the wont of any other house, so far as we know. We think it will pay us to look after Public Comfort a little, as a means of advertising. There's nothing sly or crooked about it. We want visitors to Philadelphia to have a good time, *and to connect our store with it.*

New things are coming, and fall trade is already begun. New things do not come all together. They come in a steady stream from now till Christmas. And they go in the same way. They have to. You may easily believe it, when you see our house full all the time, of goods and of people taking them away. It would be hardly worth speaking of so obvious a fact, but for the moral; which is: Buy when you find what you want; for tomorrow somebody else will be after it.

New things will crowd upon us now for mention every day. Only a few can get into the papers, except in the most general way. It will be fair to come for whatever you want, and expect to find it.

New foreign wraps have come. There are jersey coats, jersey ulsterettes, pelisses, and others. The writer of this hasn't even seen them. He has only heard of the flutter they are going to make.

Wonderful silks have come. But we must say more about the least of them than we have time for today.

We have neither time nor knowledge today to go into particulars. This is only an early notice that the store is filling up with goods for fall.

We need to say further to you who live at a distance that you needn't go to the city every time you want anything. We take so much pains to send you what you want, that you risk little in writing for goods. Let us know, as nearly as you can, what you want, and we will send you samples and prices, or take other means of finding out exactly what you do want.

John Wanamaker,

Chestnut, Thirteenth and Market stre

CLOSING OUT AT COST!

Brockerhoff's Store, Centre Hall.

Unprecedented Bargains in all kinds of goods. Now is your time for a fine lot of

DRESS-GOODS, FLANNEL,
GINGHAMS. CASSIMERS,
CALICOES, MUSLINS,
SHIRTING, TABLE CLOTHING.

—o—

NOTIONS

A Fine lot of Notions, Gent's, Ladie's and Children's Hose.

—o—

WINTER SHAWLS and SKIRTS.

A FINE LOT OF LADIE'S AND CHILDREN'S SHOES, GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS AND SHOES, JUST RECEIVED. A FINE LOT OF HATS, LATEST STYLES.

—o—

CARPETS—A Splendid assortment.
OIL CLOTH—Every pattern, and very cheap.
All kinds of Underwear for Ladies and Gents.
GROCERIES, QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE.

—LOT OF TABLE CUTLERY.—

Bargains! Bargains! Bargains!
FOR ONE and ALL.

COUNTRY PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS AT THE GREAT CLOSING OUT SALE.

A. BROCKERHOFF.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

Centre Hall, Pa., Oct. 19, 1882.

FRED KURTZ, ... Editor.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2 50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. Yearly and half yearly ad's at special rates.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium.

Two Large Store Rooms

—Full of—

Fall and Winter Goods,

"Latest stytes and fancies"

Beats Centre Co.—Easy

Prices talk for themselves.

COME and SEE US.

WHITMER & CO.

Spring Mills, Pa.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——Mr. Thomas Wolf, of Miles, is on the sick list.

——Chestnuts are selling from 5 to 8 cents per quart.

——Very pleasant weather until Tuesday morning when rain set in.

——Isaac Behm, one of Haines township's oldest residenters, is seriously ill.

——Thanks to Miss Verny Geiss for a fragrant bouquet—even printers love flowers.

——Our friend David Ruhl, of Potters Mills, has purchased the mail route between Centre Hall and Milroy.

——Horses and cows are dying very rapidly in Northumberland county with the disease prevalent more or less in various sections.

——There will be a democratic mass-meeting at Millheim, on Saturday 28th. Governor Curtin and other distinguished speakers will be present.

——There will be a democratic meeting at the Union district school house, Tuesday evening, 24. Spangler, Bower and Kurtz will be the speakers.

——The Ohio election is over and next come New York and Pennsylvania, then all parties will have a good time over the results at Sechler's grocery.

——Wm. Lewther was killed on Wednesday of last week near Laurel Run mines, Centre county, by a tree falling on him. He leaves a wife and five children.

—— We found a Beaver hen egg in our shed, on Monday—it measured 2¼ inches in circumference, and just about shows how big the General's chance will be in November.

——Simon Ruble informs us that wild geese and ducks are numerous just now on the Stone Mill dam. Suppose our friends over there are enjoying fat roasts from these festive birds.

——Let no Democrat conclude to remain away from the polls by entertaining the idea that his vote is not needed, as Pattison's election is sure. Attend and work, just as if your vote would settle the contest.

——Mr. George Flory brought to this office a twig from one of his peach trees about ten inches long, on which were packed 8 fine, medium sized peaches. It was a fine and tempting sight.

——Brockerhoff's store, at Centre Hall, is getting to be the favorite for best assortment of dress-goods. They keep up with the times. Carpets and ready-made clothing a specialty, and bargains beyond competition.

——From all quarters comes intelligence of a reduction in the price of beef —especially in the cities, where the fall has been $3 to $4 per hundred. Let there be a come down in these parts too.

——The Philadelphia Branch has the rush and takes the lead for the biggest stock of ready-made clothing in this part of the state, and at less than Philadelphia prices. This is no draw, but a fact. Go and see for yourself, there is no guile in Lewins.

——Dinges' cheap goods—Dinges' big stock—Dinges' wonderful bargains—Dinges' elegant new stock of dress goods; these are exclamations now falling from the lips of scores of men and women who have been at the bargain store since Dinges new goods is unpacked.

——The democratic co. com. proposes to select three men from this county to act in conjunction with a similar number from each of the other two counties in this senatorial district in a conference to adjust the senatoria l muddle. Consult only the good and interests of the party and the public and harmony will result.

——Teats' new grocery is right opposite the Bush house. All goods belonging to the grocery line found there. Prime coffees, teas, sugars, canned and dried fruit, sweet potatoes, oysters, ham, beans, wood and willowware, stoneware, glassware, in short everything needed for table and kitchen use. Wanted all kinds of country produce, for which the highest prices will be allowed.

——Whenever a lady wants a handsome shoe she invariably calls on Cap Mingle, at Doll & Mingle's shoe store, in Brockerhoff house block. A full assortment of men and boys' boots and shoes. Call there before purchasing elsewhere, else you may pay dear for what you get. Satisfaction guaranteed and no fraud in goods.

——THANKS.—Mr. George Flory, who recently was so unfortunate as to loose two valuable cows, wishes through the REPORTER colums, to extend his thanks to his friends and neighbors, for their kindness in contributing, unsolicited by him, towards making up a part of the loss sustained.

——Don't forget that cold weather means warm clothing and that the grand place to go to for it is at the Philad. Branch. Lewins now has a new stock, and he is bound, as heretofore, to sell cheaper than any other establishment. You can find anything needed for men and boys wear there. Lewins never sells shoddy or poorly made up stuff, but guarantees what he sells you.

——The oldest, most reliable and best established grocery in this county, is that in the Bush house block, by Sechler & Co. It contains a more complete assortment of goods than any other outside of Philadelphia, and sells first class goods only, fresh and pure, at same prices, and often less than are charged at other places for a stale or inferior article. Housekeepers serve their own interests by making their purchases at Sechlers. There is nothing like the satisfaction of having a pure article, especially for your table—all know this, and there is no place you can buy with greater safety against imposition in this regard, than at Sechlers. Any one who has dealt with them will tell you so, and if you would be convinced of it, only give them a trial.

——An excellent dressing for ladies' shoes at Powers, where also is found the finest assortment of boots and shoes ever brought to this county. Lumbermen will find gum boots suited to their business. Powers & Son sell cheap and warrant all goods they put out, and have a reputation for fair dealing.

It's not a pleasant subject, sir;
But yet I'll broach it here;
And if you don't object, sir,
I'll make it plain appear
That nothing in this wide, wide world,
For bowels can compare
With whose banner is unfurl'd—
Manalin, blest and rare!

——Henry Keen, of Penn, called to see the REPORTER,—he reports potatoes rotting in that section. Mr. G. B. Haines, of Miles, also called, and we learn from him that a worm serious to be hurting the early sown grain. Esq. Reifsnyder also gave us a pop visit. Always glad to have our friends call.

——Married, at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, Sept. 21, by Rev. Dr. Nichols, Dr. Louis A. Tesson, of St. Louis, and Miss Maggie, daughter of O. P. Duncan, formerly of Aaronsburg. The groom is a catholic and the bride a protestant, and the ceremony having been performed by a protestant clergyman has caused a big hubbub among the catholic population of St. Louis. The catholic paper has commented upon the affair in the severest terms. Miss Duncan is a cousin of the Duncans in our county, and a sister of Wm. P. Duncan, of Bellefonte.

—— Since Dinges' new goods have arrived all interest is lost in the comet, and people get up early in the morning to get to the bargain store before the rush is too great. Such a large and splendid assortment of goods, "Did you ever," was the exclamation of at least 50 ladies inside of 50 seconds the other day when their lovely eyes fell upon the piles of fine new dress goods at Dinges' store.

——Jacob M'Cool is building himself a fine residence near the big hotel at Spring Mills.

——Now, then, democrats, independents, or wherever you belong to, if you want to save money show it by sharing in the great bargains now offered at Dinges' Pennsvalley Bargain store, who has received the largest and best, and cheapest stock of dry-goods, groceries, hats, caps, boots, shoes, ready-made clothing, queensware, glassware, ever brought to Centre Hall.

——Farmers will please take notice that Brockerhoffs want all kinds of produce and allow the highest market price for the same, and that superior bargains are to be had there in all kinds of goods. Call there before purchasing away from home.

Lewins has a mountain of overcoats for fall and winter, for men and boys. If you want a good article cheaper by 30 per cent. than offered elsewhere in this county, then go to the well-known Philad. Branch. It is the place where you save money in clothing. Lewins deserves the most liberal support, for, remember, it was him who brought down the price of clothing.

——And. Brokerhoff intends making a closing out sale of his large stock of goods, at Centre Hall. And to do this in the shortest time possible he offers everything in the store at a sacrifice. The stock of goods is all first class and embraces everything usually found in the dry-goods and grocery line. Here is a chance for bargains, unsurpassed in this county.

——Peter Keen, of Michigan, has been in to visit his native valley, and honored us with a visit. Peter likes the west and has prospered there.

——Miss Lizzie A. Runkle has opened rooms for dressmaking in Centre Hall—see her card.

——The Centre Hall tan-yard is for rent—read advertisement.

—Read notice relative to school books.

—The Tyrone *Herald* took the sensus of that town and finds it 3641.

——Centre Hall has four church and one street choires.

TWO PRECINCTS IN HAINES.

Haines township has been divided into two voting precincts—the Western voting at Aaronsburg and the Eastern at the school-house, in Woodward. By an'oversight at Bellefonte the Election Proclamation as published did not note the change, as we ascertained upon inquiry. The officers appointed by the court for the eastern precinct are: Judge, Noah Weaver; Inspectors, John J. Orndorf and Sam'l Motz.

The western precinct are those elected at the spring election. The above will answer the inquiry of "Voter."

[FROM THE YORK DAILY, OCT. 9.]

WHO FIRST MANUFACTURED SILK IN YORK COUNTY?

The subjoined letter addressed to Col. Maish fully, explains itself. Its author, Hon. Frederick Kurtz, is a native of York county, and once represented Centre county in the legislature of this State.

CENTRE HALL, October 6, 1882.

MY DEAR COL.:—I believe I have not had the pleasure of meeting you since we parted at the adjournment of the Legislature, some 14 years ago. An item in the *Times*, of Philadelphia, attracted my attention a few days ago, and induces me to write to you. It was this, "John Schwartz, of York, claims to be the first manufacturer of goods made of silk, in this State, 34 years ago."

Now I can go back 10 years earlier, and leave York, my native place, the credit. My father in 1838 invented an ingenious silk reel, in York, which was patented and used at the time to manufacture silk from coccoons, the product of silk worms raised by him then—the memorable *morus multicaulus* epoch. I distinctly recollect this fact; was perhaps six years old then, and engaged in gathering the mulberry leaves and feeding our silk worms, of which he had thousands; the silk made was of good quality, and in sufficient quantities to supply our family needs for at least 35 years. Some was sold, being colored in different dyes, as the silk of to-day. It is not over six weeks ago, while running over the effects of my mother, who died about that time in Milton, Pa., I found articles manufactured of this raw silk, as also little bundles of the raw threads. I think, therefore, the credit of raising the first raw silk in this State, and manufactured articles from it, belongs to my father and his family, and dates back to 1838-9 and at York, Pa.

Yours,
FRED KURTZ.

The experiment of slaughtering beef in Chicago and shipping it in refrigerator cars to New York seems to be a success, and what is better, promises to bring down the price of beef. Butchers have been charging such enormous prices for beef that people of ordinary incomes are almost obliged to do without beef. The *Sun* says: Four days ago a firm began selling Chicago dressed beef in large quantities in the New York market. This firm sells its beef to anybody who wants to buy a quarter of an animal or more. Its customers are of three classes—dealers who sell cuts to the smaller hotels, restaurants, and boarding house keepers; keepers of big hotels and eating houses, and retail dealers who slice beef for the multitude. Besides this firm itself, the dealers chiefly interested in this departure are the wholesale men who do their own slaughtering, and the first of the classes mentioned above. Both agree that the wholesale price of beef has fallen since the Chicago experiment was begun. Slaughterers say that the fall in price is from $1 a hundred pounds on prime beef to $4 a hundred pounds on lower grades. Middlemen who deal in both Chicago and New York dressed beef say the fall has been from $3 to $4 a hundred weight all around. Retailers in the meat shops along the avenues and throughout the city say that they are buying beef cheaper than formerly, but are selling at the prices that have ruled, in the hope of getting back a part they claim to have lost in retailing beef during many months past.

L. RHONE DECLINES.

CENTRE HALL, Oct. 7, 1882.

A. O. FURST, Esq., Chairman Centre Co. Republican Committe.

DEAR SIR:—Your letter of Sept. 26, announcing my nomination as a candidate for the House of Representatives of the general Assembly is received. Under existing circumstances I cannot accept the position tendered me, and hereby respectfully decline it. LEONARD RHONE.

PEOPLE'S CYCLOPEDIA.

TONS OF BOOKS.— Under this caption the Boston Daily *Herald*, of Sept. 4 says: "Upon a single day last week the firm of Martin Garrison & Co. received from the New York publishers of "The People's Cyclopedia," bound volumes of that work, for the supply of their Massachusetts subscribers, which weighed four and a half tons. The firm claims that this is the largest shipment of knowledge for the people that was ever sent to Boston upon a single day. The invoice was valued at $12 000."

Sold by S. M. Swartz, Bellefonte, ag't for Potter twp. 19oct4t

A HIGHWAY ROBBER IN THE BOROUGH OF LEBANON,

$30,000 *Dollars Stolen.*

Harrisburg, Oct. 12.—About 8 o'clock on Thursday evening Geo. Rise, cashier of the Lebanon Dime Savings institution, was robbed of a satchel containing $30,000, all in bills. He had just returned from Philadelphia, and before going to the bank stopped at his home for supper. While on his way to bank after supper, about a square from his house, and opposite the Methodist church, he was passed by two men and directly afterwards received a stunning blow, knocking him into the gutter. He held on to the satchell and cried murder. The robbers, who had been beating and kicking him all the while, fearing his cries would bring assistance, moved off a short distance, but again returned, and wrenching the handle off the satchel, succeeded in securing it. Rise made a gallant fight, but was overpowered and covered with blood. It is learned that the struggle was witnessed by George Pohr, who was passing along the street at the time, but he thought it was a fight between drunken men, as they were roughly dressed and wore soiled overalls. They are described as one being tall and the other short and thick set. The robbers were seen to run into a vacant lot near by, and were hailed as they ran by another citizen curious to know the cause of their hurry. There is no further clue. Rise has offered a reward of $1,000 for the capture of the robbers. The money belongs to the bank. There was great excitement in Lebanon all evening. Bells were rung and the people made a thorough search throughout the city for the highwaymen.

A HORRIBLE OUTRAGE.

Big Beaver, Mich., Oct. 8.—Three masked burglars on Friday night entered the house of Benjamin Sturgis, aged 70 years, and bound him and his wife, a servant girl and a boy. After securing a small sum of money, they tortured Sturgis with pincers, to make him reveal the hiding place of his hoard. They pulled off his toe nails, and otherwise tortured him until he became unconscious. They then stole his horse and escaped.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

Special Notice.

Four years ago Potter township introduced the New Graded Readers and Swinton's Geographies and spellers which were afterwards adopted as the uniform series of this county. Three years ago the balance of the county, in addition to the above books, adopted Robinson's Short Course in Arithmetic, Swinton's Histories and Spencerian copy books. At a meeting of the school board of Potter twp., on 18 inst., the last named books were adopted upon the following terms for introduction:

	Introductory	Exchange
Robinson's First Book in Arithmetic	.30	.15
Robinson's Complete Arith.	.75	.40
Swinton's Primary History	.57	.33
" Condensed "	.90	.52

Spencerian Tracing Books, 7 cts. each.
" Copy " 10 cts. each.

The firm makes the very liberal offer to permit each pupil to exchange the last book used by him for such a one of the new series as he desires to use, by his paying the exchange price of the latter. It matters not how much worn, soiled or defaced the old book may be, or what its size or condition, so much as it is the last one used by the pupil.

The supply for introduction will be sent to Wm. Wolf, Centre Hall; Michael Strohm, Centre Hill; S. M. Swartz, Tusseyville; Sam'l Strong and Thompson & Smith, Potters Mills.

Every pupil should avail himself of these very low prices during the first ninety days of school, in fact at the beginning of the schools, so that the township may have as the law requires a uniform series in all schools, and what is now the same series as is used by the balance of the county. 2t

WESTERN CROPS.

Caselton, Dakota, Oct. 10.—It has been raining twelve days and no threshing has been done during that time. One of the wheat and three-quarters of the oats crop are in the stack or shock here yet. The wheat in shock is badly grown and will be hardly worth threshing. This will reduce the average crop heavily. No other portion of Dakota reports rain or damage of any consequence.

Lincoln, Neb., Oct. 10.—The recent rains have been a bonanza to the Nebraska stock raisers. The new grass fattens cattle better than corn feeding. A much larger quantity of hay is in stack than ever before.

Chicago tenderloin steaks are pushing the home stock out of the Philadelphia markets. Two-thirds of the tenderloins used in the hotels and restaurants of Philadelphia are dressed in Chicago and shipped ready to be cooked, and their cost is only twenty-one cents per pound —about one-fourth cheaper than the tenderloin served by the city butchers.

The following words of wisdom are from Josh Billings: "When a man kums to me for advice, I find out the kind of advice he wants, and I give it to him. This satisfys him that he and I are two az smart men az there is living."

Nothing builds up shattered constitutions so quickly as Brown's Iron Bitters.

The Chicago board of trade voted the other day to raise the membership fees to $10,000.

Every rolling mill in Cincinnati shut down on Saturday, October 7, because of the strike of the sheet iron workers.

THE YELLOW FEVER.

Pensacola, Fla., Oct. 15.—Three deaths and sixty-four new cases of yellow fever to-day.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Oct. 17.—Flour, Minnesota extra 6@6 75. Penn'a family 4.87@5 western extra 5.25@5.75.
Wheat, No. 2 red 1.09.
Corn 80. Oats 45.

Spring Mills Market.

Wheat, 70, 85, and 95.
Rye 70c
Corn, shelled and ears, per bu. 80
Corn, shelled. 90c.
Oats, 40c.
Buckwheat, 50c.
Barley 60c. to 75c
Cloverseed,. 4 00 to 4.5 0
Timothy seed, 1.60 to 1 75
Plaster, ground per ton, $9.00
Flour, per bbl $5.00
Butter 25c
Tallow, 6c.
Lard, 12¼.
Ham, 15c.
Shoulders 14c
Bacon or side, 14¾
Eggs per doz. 20c
Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble

DIED.

Sam'l Eby, of Zion, a native of Haines twp., died on 6th, aged 58 years. He leaves a wife and son.

At Spring Mills, Oct. 7, Abie May, infant child of Ira and Eliza Hazel, aged 1 month, 27 days.

NOTICE.—Application will be made at the next session of the Legislature for a state road from Cherry Run Station, Union county, to Woodward, Centre county, Pa. 19oct4t

DRESSMAKING.

The undersigned has opened rooms for DRESSMAKING in all its branches, at the residence of John Neff, at Centre Hall. Having many years experience satisfaction is guaranteed in all dresses made and all kinds of sewing done by her, and kindly solicits the patronage of this town and vicinity.
19oct4t LIZZIE A. RUNKLE.

TAN-YARD FOR RENT.

The Centre Hall Tan-yard, with half an acre of land, is offered for rent. The stand is an excellent one for business. Possession given April 1, 1883. For further information apply to
JOHN SANKEY, Ex'r,
19oct4t Centre Hall, Pa.

☞This head points directly to the Millheim marble works—if you hold the paper properly—where you can find a full and complete line of monuments, couches, headstones, tombs, lambs, carved work, door sills, and everything else in the usual line, of every grade, style and price. It is a good place to buy, and the proprietors are reliable, trustworthy and obliging gentlemen to deal with. 12oct2t

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH:

I, Thomas J. Dunkle, High Sheriff of the county of Centre, commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and give notice to the electors of the county aforesaid, that an election will be held in said county of Centre, on

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1882.

For the purpose of electing one person for Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

One person for Lieutenant Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania;

One person for Secretary of Internal Affairs of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

One person for Congressman-at-Large to represent the state of Pennsylvania in the Congress of the United States.

One person for Judge of the Supreme Court of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

One person to represent the counties of Centre, Clearfield, Clinton, Elk, Union and Mifflin in the Congress of the United States.

One person to represent the counties of Centre, Clearfield and Clinton in the Senate of Pennsylvania.

Two persons to represent the county of Centre in the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania.

One person for Coronor for Centre county.

Two persons for Jury Commissioner of the county of Centre.

I also hereby make known and give notice that the places of holding the aforesaid election in the several Boroughs and Townships within the county of Centre are as follows, to wit:

For the township of Haines, at the public house of Henry Shafer Aaronsburg, (west precinct.)

Haines township, eastern precinct, at the school house in Woodward.

For the township of Half Moon, at the school house in Stormstown.

For the Township of Taylor, at the house erected for that purpose on the property of Leonard Merryman.

For the township of Miles, in the school house in the town of Rebersburg.

For the township of Potter (Northern precinct), at the public house of J. D. Moyer, in Centre Hall.

For the township of Potter (Southern precinct), at the public house of D H Ruhl, Potter's Mills.

For the township of Gregg (Northern precinct), at Murray's school house.

For the township of Gregg (Southern precinct), at the public house owned by J B Fisher, of Penn Hall.

For the township of College, in the school house at Lemont.

For the township of Ferguson (old precinct), in the school house at Pine Grove.

For the township of Ferguson (new precinct), in the school house in Baileyville.

For the township of Harris, in the school house at Boalsburg.

For the township of Patton, at the house of Peter Murray.

For the borough of Bellefonte, and the township of Spring, at Temperance Benner, at the Court House in Bellefonte.

For the borough and township of Howard, at the school house of said borough.

For the township of Rush, at the Cold Stream school house.

For the township of Snow Shoe, at the school house of Snow Shoe station.

For the township of Marion, at the house of Joel King, in Jacksonville.

For the borough of Milesburg, at the school house in Milesburg.

For the township of Boggs, at the new school house in Central City.

For the township of Huston, at the Silver Dale school house.

For the township of Penn, at the public house of William Musser.

For the borough of Millheim, at the school house opposite the Evangelical church in said borough.

For the township of Liberty, at the school house in Eagleville.

For the township of Worth, at the school house at Fort Matilda.

For the township of Burnside, at the house of J K Boak.

For the township of Curtin, at the school house near Eobert Mann's.

For the borough of Unionville and the township of Union, at the new school house at Unionville.

For the First and Second wards of the borough of Philipsburg, at the large public school house.

For the Third ward of the borough of Philipsburg at the small public school house.

NOTICE is also hereby given, "That every person executing office of justice of the peace, who shall hold an office or appointment of any profit or trust under the government of the United States, or of this State, or of any city or incorporated district, whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, subordinate officer or agent who is or shall be employed under the Legislative, Executive or Judiciary Department of this State, or of the United States, or of any city or incorporated district; and also that every member of Congress or State Legislature, and of the select or common council of any city, or Commissioners of any incorporated district, is by law incapable of holding or exercising, at the same time, the office or appointment of Judge, Inspector or Clerk of any election of this Commonwealth; and that no Inspector, Judge, or other officer of any such election shall be eligible to any office to be then voted for."

I also hereby make known and give notice to the electors of said county of Centre that on the said 7th day of November, 1882, they, the said electors, shall vote by ballot for the purpose of deciding whether or not the provisions of the Act of Assembly, entitled an Act "For the taxation of dogs and the protection of sheep," approved the 12th day of June, A. D. 1878, are desired to be in force in this said county of Centre. The Provisions of the said "Act of Assembly relating to the taxation of dogs are as follows, to wit:

SEC. 1. That from and after the passage of this Act, there shall be assessed, levied and collected, annually, with the county taxes, in the Commonwealth, from the owners and keepers of dogs, the following named taxes, namely: For each male dog, the sum of fifty cents, and for every female dog the sum of one dollar, to be paid to the Treasurer of the county where collected, to be kept by him separate and in such manner that he can know how much has been collected from each township and borough, and how much paid out for losses or damages in each, at any time to be a fund from which persons sustaining loss or damage to sheep by a dog, or dogs, and the necessary cost in establishing their claims therefore, as herein provided, may be paid.

SEC. 2. For the purpose of levying and collecting such taxes, the assessor in each township and borough shall, annually, at the time of assessing other taxable property, ascertain and return to the county commissioners of their county a true statement of all the dogs in their townships and boroughs, respectively, and the names of the persons owning or keeping such dogs, and how many of each sex is kept or owned by each person; and such commissioners in each county shall, annually, levy and cause to be collected the taxes herein before named, with, and in the same manner and for the same compensation that other county taxes are collected.

* * * * * * *

SEC. 10. That the Sheriff of each county, on request of the County Commissioners, shall cause this Act to be published therein, with and in the same manner as notices of the next general election shall be published, and for the purpose of deciding whether or not the provisions of this Act are desired in the several counties, the qualified electors therein may vote at such election, by ballot, written or printed on the outside "Sheep Law, and on the inside "For the Sheep Law," or "Against the Sheep Law," and in each county wherein it shall appear by a proper count of such ballots that a majority are for the "Sheep Law," this Act shall immediately take effect, but in no other county until a majority of the qualified electors thereof, after like advertisement in like manner, have determined that they desire this Act to take effect therein; provided, that there shall be no advertisement or election for such purpose in any county oftener than once in two years."

Given under my hand and seal, at my office in Bellefonte, this 3d day of October, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty-two, and in the One Hundred and Sixth year of the Independence of the United States.

THOMAS J. DUNKLE.
Sheriff of Centre County.

PUBLIC SALE.

Will be sold at the late residence of Mrs. E. M. Irvisbin, at the Old Fort, Centre county, Pa., on Wednesday, October 18, 1882, the following personal property, to wit: One saddle, 1 set single harness, chairs, rocking chairs, bedsteads, tables, sofa, lounge, copper kettle, tubs, buckets, a chamber suit, stands, stoves, and many other articles. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock p. m. when terms will be made known.
td E. T. M'WILLIAMS.
McVeytown, Sept. 30, 1882.

CAUTION.—All persons are hereby cautioned against meddling with the articles below mentioned which I purchased at Constable's sale, as the property of Samuel Confer, and will leave the same in his possession at my pleasure, viz: One cook and 1 ten plate stove, one bedstead and bedding, 1 corner cupboard, 1 table, 1 clock, and all said Confer's personal property. 11oct3t J. C. O. MILLER, Potter twp.

—CAUTION, All persons are hereby cautioned against meddling with the following property, which I purchased at Constable's sale, and will leave in possession of the former owner, John W. Gingerich, at my pleasure, viz: 2 mules, 1 spring wagon, set double harness, and 1 load of hay. 5 oct. 3t. SAMUEL FLORY.

Know

That BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will cure the worst case of dyspepsia.

Will insure a hearty appetite and increased digestion.

Cures general debility, and gives a new lease of life.

Dispels nervous depression and low spirits.

Restores an exhausted nursing mother to full strength and gives abundant sustenance for her child.

Strengthens the muscles and nerves, enriches the blood.

Overcomes weakness, wakefulness, and lack of energy

Keeps off all chills, fevers, and other malarial poison.

Will infuse with new life the weakest invalid.

37 Walker St., Baltimore, Dec. 1881.
For six years I have been a great sufferer from Blood Disease, Dyspepsia, and Constipation, and became so debilitated that I could not retain anything on my stomach, in fact, life had almost become a burden. Finally, when hope had almost left me, my husband seeing Brown's IRON BITTERS advertised in the paper, induced me to give it a trial. I am now taking the third bottle and have not felt so well in six years as I do at the present time.
MRS. L. F. GRIFFIN.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will have a better tonic effect upon any one who needs "bracing up," than any medicine made.

N. B. The Bad and Worthless Are never *imitated* or *counterfeited*.

This is especially true of a family medicine, and it is positive proof that the remedy *imitated* is of the highest value.

As soon as it had been tested and proved by the whole world that Hop Bitters was the purest, best and most valuable family medicine on earth, many imitations sprung up and began to steal the notices in which the press and people of the country had expressed the merits of H. B., and in every way trying to induce suffering invalids to use their stuff instead, expecting to make money on the credit and good name of H. B.

Many others started nostrums put up in similar style to H. B., with variously cunningly devised names in which the word "Hop" or "Hops" were used in a way to induce people to believe they were the same as Hop Bitters. All such pretended remedies or cures, no matter what their style or name is, and especially those with the word "Hop" or "Hops" in their name or in any way connected with them or their name, are imitations or counterfeits.

Beware of them. Touch none of them, but: Use nothing but genuine Hop Bitters, with a bunch or cluster of green Hops on the white label. Trust nothing else. Druggists and dealers are warned against dealing in imitations or counterfeits. (3)

PE-RU-NA

Is Nature's greatest remedy, and is the principal ingredient of almost every prescription Dr. Hartman gives to his private patients. 25oct4t

PERUNA personally agrees with every one—the young, the old, the middle-aged, the babe and the mother.

PERUNA cleanses the system of all its impurities; tones the stomach, regulates the heart, unlocks the secretions of the liver, strengthens the nerves and invigorates the brain.

PERUNA is the greatest appetizer, makes blood, and to the weary and tired from the toils and cares of the day it gives sweet and refreshing sleep.

PERUNA is composed wholly of vegetable ingredients, each one a great remedy in itself.

PERUNA is pleasant in taste and will help the stomach to digest any article of food.

In Liver and Kidney diseases, and in Chronic Catarrh, it has positively no equal. It never fails.

Ask your druggist for Dr. Hartman's pamphlet on "The Ills of Life."

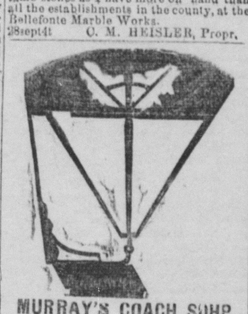
For Piles, Diarrhœa, or Kidneys, take PE-RU-NA.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Price Bottle $1.00. SIX BOTTLES FOR $5.00.

MAN-A-LIN

NOTICE.

On and after this date, September 23, until Nov. 1, I will sell tomb stones and monuments at greatly reduced prices to reduce stock for spring trade. Monuments which I have been selling at $125 reduced to $100; those which were $100, reduced to $80; those which were $80, reduced to $65; and grave stones in the same in proportion; those which I sold at $60, reduced to $48; those that were $50, reduced to $38. All first class work warranted. Now is the time to buy monuments and tomb stones as I have more on hand than all the establishments in the county, at the Bellefonte Marble Works.
28sept4t C. M. HEISLER, Propr.



MURRAY'S COACH SOHP

In successful operation for more than a quarter of a century, has attained a reputation for well finished and serviceable work, of which but few can boast.

BUGGIES, CARRIAGES, SPRING-WAGONS,

&c., kept constantly on hand.

All kinds of repairing done on short notice. The wood work of Bodies, Gearing and Wheels made and sold separately.

SHOP, COUNTY & STATE rights of

PATENT BOW ToP

for Carriages, for sale.

For further particulars, address LEVI MURRAY, Centre Hall, 15dec1t Centre Co.

New Departure.

Believing it to be the best for both merchant and customer that all dealings should be in cash, and following the example of most prominent and successful dealers, I have determined to do away with the credit system after the 17 of July, 1882. After this date the books will be closed and I will sell only

—FOR—CASH—

or its equivalent.

Thankful to my customers for their past patronage, I hope to meet them in the future at my old stand, where I am confident I can sell much CHEAPER THAN BEFORE, and LOWER than elsewhere. Have determined to give my customers the benefit of the new system.

PRODUCE will be taken in exchange for goods at highest market price. Respectfully,

I. J. Grenoble,
13jul y Spring Mills, Pa.

T. DESHNER, Gunsmith,

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Keep the Beacon Light in Trim.

"Do your lights, sir, never go out?" I said
To the keeper of Calais light;
"Do you never forget to trim your lamps,
My friend, for a single night?"

"Never!—Impossible!" cried the man;
"For to me would be all the shame;"
And his bright eyes flashed as he looked aloft
At the steady lambent flame.

"If I should neglect my duty, ma'am,
Weeks hence would go forth the cry—
'A keeper at Calais forgot his trust,
And a crew went down to die!'

"It seems sometimes as if the eyes
Of the world were fixed on me,
As the myriad stars of the firmament
Look down on the cruel sea.

"So I'll never forget to light my lamp,
That it's radiance far and wide
May warn 'poor Jack' of the hidden rocks
That lurk 'neath the restless tide."

I thought, as I went my homeward way,
Oh! would we were all as true
And faithful in trimming the beacon lights
Of home, as we journey through.

Ah! then we should never, never hear
The voice of the drowning shout:
"We looked for the sign of the tower of home,
We looked! but the light was out!"

A LITTLE COWARD.

That was what Miss Merivale had called her that morning when she trembled and turned pale because the black mare reared with her. She begged Sir Robert to take her off, and stood in ignominious safety while Agatha Merivale mounted Stella and rode off triumphantly down the avenue.

She was a coward. She did not deny it, and was sometimes very much ashamed of it. But no one had seemed to mind it until Agatha Merivale came, with her bold, dark eyes and her dashing ways, her riding and hunting; and everybody admired Agatha so much, even Sir Robert!

She almost hated Agatha! You see, until Agatha came they had been so happy at De Rossett. Little orphan Madelaine Leigh had never been so happy in her life as here at the hall, with sweet Lady de Rossett, who was her guardian, and her son, Sir Robert. They were so kind and good to her. They petted her and loved her so. And now Agatha had come, and for two weeks had monopolized Sir Robert, and kept the house in a turmoil of gayety, and laughed at Lina, and made her life wretched.

Lina's maid reported that everybody said Sir Robert was to marry Miss Merivale. Lina made a stern resolve that she would run away from the hall when that event took place. Run away! She would run away now! Not far though—she was too much of a coward to venture far into the world alone; but she would go away across the fields to "Aunt Margaret's," as she called Lady de Rossett's widowed sister-in-law, who lived in a quite comfortable house a mile away from the hall.

Mrs. Harrington was an invalid, paralyzed and confined to her bed. She was rather a grim old lady, and most were inclined to shun her; but sweet, bright little Lina had won her way into the old lady's heart, and was always welcome at the lodge.

Yes, she would run away to Aunt Margaret's, and perhaps, when she was missed, Sir Robert might feel a moment's uneasiness about her. Seizing her hat and a light shawl she flew off across the park, calling Leo, Sir Robert's pretty colley, to go with her. Lina did not like to cross the fields alone, being possessed by a great terror of bulls; but with Leo she would not mind it much.

Leo was calmly taking a nap on the front portico, but he started up and raced after her with a joyous bark. But at the little gate that led from the park into the fields Lina was greatly disconcerted by an unexpected encounter with Sir Robert and Miss Merivale, who came laughing and talking along the path, both looking bright and handsome in the golden rays of the setting sun.

She brushed past them with a hasty "good-evening," but Sir Robert turned back to speak to her.

"Where are you going, Lina?" he asked.

"To Aunt Margaret's," she answered, not looking at him.

"Alone, Lina? Are you not afraid? If you will wait a little while I will go with you," Sir Robert said, looking down kindly at the girl's flushed cheeks and averted eyes.

"No, thanks," Lina answered, hastily. "I will not trouble you. Leo will take care of me. And you would be late for dinner if you went with me."

"May I come for you, then, after dinner?" Sir Robert asked.

"Thanks, I am not coming back. I shall stay all night," was the hurried answer, and Lina turned to go.

But Sir Robert detained her for a moment.

"Lina," he said, in a low tone, "what makes you avoid me so lately? What have I done to offend you?"

Lina raised her blue eyes hastily to his, for one moment, and then dropped them again.

"I have not avoided you," she said, coldly. "You have been very much occupied with other people. There, I will not not detain you."

She waved her little hand haughtily, and walked away from him. He watched the pretty, white-robed figure for a moment, and then Leo came and fawned on him.

"Leo, Leo!" called Lina's voice.

"Go, Leo," said his master, and the obedient dog trotted off down the path after the girl.

It was rather dreary at the "lodge" that evening. Mrs. Harrington was out of humor because her agent had failed to call that day to receive a thousand pounds that she wished him to deposit for her. And Parkins, her nurse and housemaid, let the maid servants all go off to a fair in the village, "where they will certainly get into mischief," Mrs. Harrington said.

But when Lina had talked to her and made her laugh a little, she forgot her grievances and chatted away very pleasantly. At 10 o'clock she declared she had laughed till she was tired, and Lina must give her her drops and let her go to sleep.

"There! the spoon is gone. Where can Parkins have put it! Child, would you mind running down into the pantry and bringing me a spoon? I would ring for Parkins, but she told me she wanted to get up some muslins this evening and would come up as soon as she had finished."

Lina did not altogether like to pass down the long stairs and silent entries leading to the pantry, but she went and Leo trotted after her. As she stood in the pantry, looking around for spoons with no light but a faint gleam from the hall lamp, a sound of low voices caught her ear.

The pantry was on the ground floor, its iron-barred shuttered window looking into the garden. The sound was outside the window, and Lina paused to listen. The first word that caught her startled her.

"A thousand pounds and all the old woman's jewelry and plate!" said a man's voice, in a husky undertone.

"Yes," was the reply in a woman's voice—the voice, Lina knew, of Parkins, Mrs. Harrington's model, soft-voiced, lady-like nurse—"and there won't be any trouble about it, because I have let the women go away to stay all night and sent the gardener on a fool's errand to misses' brother's twenty miles off."

"But this girl that came to-night—what about her?" asked the man.

"Oh, she will go to her room presently, and stay there if she is wise. She'd be no hindrance anyway—a silly, timid little thing. But it's as well to let her get out of the way," said Parkins, coolly.

"But see here, Molly, why not do it now? Then we'll have more time to get away before daylight," said the man.

"I tell you it is not safe before 11 o'clock," Parkins said, positively. "People may come in. Sir Robert don't like her out of his sight for long, and that idiotic young Marsden may come mooning in. Wait till half-past 11, and the west door here will be open. And, Jim, look here, when you get this swag you are to take me with you—your wife, mind."

The voices grew fainter. Evidently the speakers were moving away from the house. But Lina had heard enough. Sick with terror she leaned against the pantry wall a moment and tried to think. What did it all mean? Robbery, murder! And no help near. Her first instinct was to fly out of the house and across the field to the hall. But her absence would be instantly discovered, she knew, and then poor Aunt Margaret would be alone with those wretches. No, she must not go—but to stand here idle would be no good. She flew along the halls and up stairs, to pacing by her side. At Aunt Margaret's door she paused, and a sudden thought came to her. She would send Leo home for help.

"Where is the spoon, child? How long you staid. Good heavens! what is the matter?" cried the old lady, as she saw the girl's white, terrified face. Lina began some evasive answer, but instantly remembered that Aunt Margaret must be told the whole story or nothing could be done to save her. She did tell it, and Aunt Margaret listened in silent consternation, and then burst out impetuously with:

"Good heavens, child! Why didn't you run right home?"

"Because I knew Parkins would be up here in a few minutes and find I was gone, and then—"

"Ah, well. So you stayed to save the old woman if you could. What are you doing, child? Why don't you lock the door and pile things against it? Good God, if I was just able to rise out of this bed!"

But Lina did not speak for a moment. She had found a pencil and paper and was rapidly writing a few words. When she had finished—

"Now," she said, "when Parkins comes tell her I am to sleep on her couch here in your room, and she must go somewhere else. I will be back in a moment. Leo?"

Out of the room she darted, and down to the hall door, which she unbarred and passed through. Then, kneeling in the shadow of a pillar on the portico, she tied the note tightly in her handkerchief round Leo's neck.

She put her arms round his neck after that, kissed his forehead, and a half-sob escaped her.

"Is that you, miss?" said a smooth voice from the hall. "Why, whatever are you doing in the dark there?"

Lina sprang up as if she had been shot.

"I am sending the dog home," she said, speaking quietly, though the throbs of her heart shook her whole frame. "He is restless here without his master. Go home, Leo, straight home, sir!"

The dog, with one farewell lick of her hand, bounded down the steps and vanished in the dewy darkness of the summer night.

"Oh, God! let him go safely and swiftly!" prayed the girl in her heart.

Then she went in and helped Parkins bar the door, and they went together upstairs.

Aunt Margaret lay very quietly on her pillows, but with her black eyes gleaming.

Parkins was silent for one instant, and then began a series of expostulations, which no one would heed, and finally the civil nurse prepared the couch for Lina, and took herself off, observing, sweetly:

"If Miss Leigh will leave the door ajar I can hear a call from this room and will come instantly."

"Thanks, Parkins, but I hope I shall not have to call you," said Lina, speaking as sweet as Parkins herself.

Then as she glided to the door as soon as it was closed, she turned with a face of dismay, and whispered:

"The key is gone! She took it when she was fidgeting in and out with the sheets and pillows."

"There is a bolt besides," Aunt Margaret answered.

Lina gave a sigh of relief as she slipped the bolt into the groove, and felt that she had at least some little protection against the enemy.

"Now, child," Aunt Margaret said, "can you use a pistol?"

"I never touched one in my life," said the "little coward;" "but if I had one now I would try."

"Very well. Take my safe key—it is under my pillow—and unlock the safe. They are just as my husband left them a year ago, but Robert looked at them a few days ago, and said they were all right. That is it. Put one of them on the foot of the bed, and if those wretches come, try, my dear, to use it. Now put the other here, by my left hand. Thank God! I can use that a little. Now, what are you doing? Oh, yes; pile up all you can against the door. There, you can't move anything else. Now, come here, little girl, kneel down by me, and let's say our prayers together."

With the old lady's thin, pallid hand clasped tightly in her two cold, trembling little ones, Lina knelt down there, and, burying her face in the pillow, tried to pray.

Her petition was not a very coherent one; it was only a wild, passionate cry for pity and help, and meanwhile she was listening with every nerve strained for sounds from the outside. A lamp burned in the room. On the mantelpiece a softly-ticking clock marked the slow minutes. No other sound broke the stillness.

Presently a sob shook the girl's figure. She was thinking of Sir Robert and his tender care over her.

Oh, if she had only not been so wayward and proud this evening all would have been well. He would have come for her and they would have been safe.

But surely, surely, he would come yet.

He could not fail to find the note and she knew he would come to save her. But yet horrible doubts came to her as to whether the note would reach him. It might be lost, or Leo might wonder about and not get home until it was too late.

Too late! Lina shuddered and sobbed again as she thought what that might mean. Oh, it was hard to think of dying so helplessly, so horribly, with help so near.

The long minutes crept on and no sound came until 11 o'clock had passed. The little clock softly chimed the half hour. Then, in a few moments, came a sound of stealing footsteps in the passage and the knob of the door was softly turned.

Breathless silence in the room. Then a gentle tap at the door. Lina clasped Aunt Margaret's hand convulsively, and the old lady spoke.

"Who is that?" she asked, steadily.

"It is me, Parkins, ma'am. Will you ask Miss Leigh if she will kindly open the door? I have the toothache, and want some laudanum."

"What a fiend it is!" whispered Aunt Margaret. Then aloud: "Go downstairs and get something, Parkins. I cannot trouble Miss Leigh."

Lina hoped that Parkins would urge the point a little. Anything to prolong the parley and gain time.

But a whisper in the passage followed, and then a man's voice:

"Ladies, there's no use making a row. Just open the door peacefully and you shan't be hurt. We'll break it down if you don't."

"What do you want?" Lina asked hoping to gain a little time. A new and gruff voice answered, insolently:

"You know well enough what we want, miss. We wants the thousand pounds and the diamonds and we mean to have them. So don't be a fool, but just open the door peacefully or you'll be sorry."

Lina sprang to her feet and seized the pistol. A flood of color rushed to her cheek and brow. She had been insulted and threatened, and indignation overpowered terror. She went toward the door and called out, quickly and clearly:

"You're not coming in. I have sent for help, and Sir Robert and his men will be here directly. I am armed; and if you break the door down I will shoot you like a dog."

A moment's silence followed, then a coarse laugh, and—

"All gammon. She hadn't no one to send. Break the door down," in Parkins' voice; and heavy blows began to fall upon the door. It trembled and cracked beneath the battery. A panel broke, a man's hand was thrust in; the whole door seemed about to fall when—bang! bang! came two reports from Lena's pistol, and a couple of bullets crashed through the panels and the besiegers paused abruptly.

"Go away instantly," called the girl's clear voice, "or I will fire again."

"One more rush, mate, and we are in," yelled the gruff voice outside.

What followed the wild tumult and confusion; the crash of breaking panels and bolts, the fall of the door and the furniture Lina had piled against it, shot after shot from Lina's pistol, a yell of pain and rage from both of them. The door was down. One of the men was in the room. Lina had fired her last shot, and, running to the bed, snatched Aunt Margaret's pistol and turned to face the enemy. Suddenly came a wild shriek from Parkins. Then a voice calling "Lina, Lina! I am coming," and Sir Robert de Rossett hurled himself bodily upon the ruffian outside the door, prostrated him, and sprang into the room over his body, and this is what he saw: Madeline Leigh, the "little coward," with blazing eyes and scarlet cheeks, and a pistol in her hand, standing unflinchingly between Aunt Margaret and a burly ruffian; and Aunt Margaret herself, who had not turned in her bed for a year, standing on her feet on the floor. Two seconds changed the aspect of affairs. After that the burglar sprawled senseless on the floor. Aunt Margaret sprang back on her bed with a wild "Thank God!" and the little heroine of the scene lay in Sir Robert's arms in a dead faint.

"Oh, Robert, why didn't you come sooner?" she murmured, half an hour afterward, when she opened her eyes and met his.

"Don't you know I came as soon as I found your note?" he said. "Leo went to my room and I found him there when I left the drawing-room, after 11 o'clock."

"Where are these dreadful men?" Lena asked, raising her head dizzily and looking around with a shudder.

"Never mind them, dear. They were taken by the men who followed me. My brave little darling! What a heroine you are!"

Two months later, when Parkins and the men were brought to trial, Aunt Margaret walked into the witness-box and gave her testimony with grim directness and self-possession. Lena gave hers with much trembling and some tears; but she looked intensely lovely, and no one wondered that Sir Robert was going to marry her.

The crowd around the door gave her three cheers as she left the court-room, walking beside Sir Robert, and then three more for Leo, who followed them.

And Aunt Margaret's wedding present to Lina was the thousand pounds and the diamonds that had been saved by the courage of "the little coward."

Dipping Sheep in Kansas.

The smoke ascending near the corrals showed that dipping was in progress, the most unpleasant feature of the shepherd's life. This is to cure the "scab," the only disease to which Kansas sheep are subject, and one that sheep men seem to consider inevitable until the enactment of stringent laws against the importation of diseased sheep, especially from Colorado and Missouri. "Scab" is a skin disease resulting in loss of flesh and wool, and sometimes in death, supposed to be caused by the presence of minute parasites in the skin, and therefore, although highly contagious, is not, as was thought at one time, hereditary. It can be entirely cured by dipping the sheep twice in a mixture of sulphur and tobacco or lime and sulphur. Mr. Wadsworth uses the latter preparation and estimates the cost of curing "scab" at five cents a head. The operation of dipping presented a curious spectacle. A long tank over a fire-box half buried in the earth was filled with a greenish-yellow fuming mixture of lime, sulphur and water. This was boiled for half an hour, then let off into a narrow tank four feet deep and sunk in the earth, extending from one sheep pen to another, with the further end sloping gradually up. When the nauseous bath was ready the sunburnt herdsman called to the dogs: "Round 'em up, puppies," and off flew the dogs, flattened to the ground, their bushy tails streaming behind like banners and their tongues lolling their eagerness as they circled around a flock of 500 sheep just beyond the yards and drove them toward the corral. A part of the flock was finally driven into a narrow passage at the end of the sunken tank and then the dipping began. Those who picture the shepherd as an innocent creature with a pink and white complexion, clad in a white frock, carrying a crook wreathed with ribbons and garlands and playing upon a pipe after the fashion of the Eclogues and Georgics, would have found their illusions sadly dispelled by the sight. The gentle shepherds were three swarthy men in flannel shirts, top boots and broad-brimmed hats, with splashes of green and yellow variegating the earthly hue of clothing and hands. The first man, seizing a sheep by the hind leg, jerked it into the tank, where it sank under the surface, emerging of a vivid greenish hue, only to be promptly soused again by the second herdsman, who was equipped with a forked stick. One after another the sheep were pitched in until the tank was full of hideously colored creatures, bleating, sneezing and coughing, which were at last allowed to scamper out of the further end and stand dripping in a state of great disgust on the flooring of their pen. This process is usually gone through with twice whenever "scab" enters a flock. These sheep were merinos, the breed most popular in Kansas. Mexican sheep yield very inferior wool and are of comparatively little value for mutton, and here the tendency in both sheep and cattle is constantly to grade up to a better stock.—*Kansas Letter*

The Visionary Robin.

A happy robin was one day chanting a requiem over the deceased summer in the forest. Having finished, it said:

"And now I'll away to the balmy land where all the year the magnolias are full of humming birds, where—"

In response to the bang of a gun in a small boy's hand the robin concluded not to go south, and two days after it was sold for a quail on a railroad lunch counter for a dollar.

Moral: Don't sing too loud until you are out of the woods.—*Puck.*

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

Some people, says the *Railroad Journal*, affect to believe that they derive no benefit from advertising, for the reason that they cannot trace any particular transaction to any particular advertisement. Neither can we attribute the growth of vegetation to any particular drop of rain or ray of sunshine—but it is very evident that without rain or sunshine it would fail to flourish.

A woman was lately indicted in England for causing the death of her child by denying it adequate nourishment. Investigation showed, however, that the mother had fed the child regularly on corn starch, mixed with a little milk, ignorant of the fact that starch is unable to supply the necessary nutriment to young children. Under these circumstances the woman was, of course, acquitted. It is a lesson which mothers and nurses would do well to remember.

The London *Times* in a recent article says that Europe is no longer able to feed her population, and the total grain crops produced fell 343,000,000 bushels below the annual consumption, and 285,000,000 bushels of this deficiency is in the United Kingdom. The wheat crop of Great Britain is estimated this year at 75,000,000 to 80,000,000 bushels, and the consumption at about 200,000,000 bushels. After deducting what is required for seed, there will be a deficiency to be supplied from foreign countries of about 130,000,000 bushels, and perhaps more than this.

Civilization has its peculiar diseases from which savages are comparatively free, as they in their turn are slaughtered by plagues which die out as they become civilized. Among these diseases that of short-sightedness, or myopia, as the oculists prefer to call it, grows constantly more prominent. Every observant person of middle age must have become convinced that the wearing of eye-glasses is much more common now than it was a score of years ago, and such statistics as have been collected fully sustain this opinion. A recent examination of the pupils in the public schools of New York city has shown that the proportion of sufferers from myopia is in some cases as high as eight and one-half and even twelve and one-half per cent., while at Columbia college no less than sixty-nine of the students were near-sighted, or a full third of the whole 201. The disease is found to increase with the length of school life, and is undoubtedly aggravated by the imperfect lighting arrangements in the average school-room and the poor type of many text-books.

A perplexing question often arises under the patent laws: Suppose a workman in the employ of some large establishment invents a valuable improvement in the machinery or processes; does the patent belong to him or his employers? They always say that they were paying him for his time, and are entitled to whatever he accomplishes. He argues that inventing is a matter quite outside the duties for which he was hired. For example, a plow manufacturing company in Indiana employed a superintendent of their business, and he, during his engagement, took out a patent for improvements he made in the plows they were selling. They sued him, claiming that he should transfer the patent to them, for they said they were led to engage him by his assurance that he had large experience in making and selling plows and devising improvements, and that he would devote his time and services to manufacturing and perfecting their plows; also, that the improvement that he had patented was made partly by aid of suggestions from other employes and with employes belonging to the company. The judge said that these facts were not enough to make out their case. Persons are not deprived of the right to the inventions they make while in the service of others, unless they have been hired and paid to exercise their inventive faculties for their employers. A contract for the time, labor and skill of the employe in manufacturing and selling does not give the employer the right to an improvement which the employe invents. If in this case the superintendent was materially aided by suggestions from other persons, he was not sole inventor, and perhaps his coadjutors were entitled to a share in the patent, but the fact would not give the employer a right to it.

Character of Our Population.

According to the latest census bulletin there are in the United States, or were in 1880, when the census was taken, of colored inhabitants 6,632,549, and of foreign born 6,679,945. These figures do not show, however, the comparative strength of these elements of our population. The children of colored parents were enumerated as colored, while the children of foreign born parents were taken as native white inhabitants. Based upon the census of 1870 the following estimate has been made of the national characteristics of our population:

	1880.
American white	30,453,545
Foreign born	6,679,945
Both parents foreign	5,001,139
One parent foreign	1,388,604
Colored	6,632,549
Total	50,155,783

By this calculation, sixty-one per cent. of the whole population is native white, thirteen per cent. is foreign born, ten per cent. represent children of both foreign parents, three per cent. have one foreign parent, and thirteen per cent. is oft he colored race. Of the foreign born population, 2,772,169 came from Great Britain and Ireland. Other countries have contributed as follows:

Germany	1,966,742	Mexico	68,399
Ireland	1,854,571	Denmark	64,196
Sweden	194,337	Holland	58,090
Norway	161,729	Poland	48,357
France	106,971	Italy	44,230
China	104,541	Austria	38,663
Switzerland	88,621	Russia	35,722
Bohemia	85,361		

Greenland, Gibralter, Malta and Japan together have about 1,000 children in this country. No country on the globe has so strangely composite a population as this.—*Albany Argus.*

Thought Himself a Woman.

John Talboy Binns, one of the most noted characters that ever entered the Philadelphia almshouse, died in that institution recently, aged sixty-nine years. Believing himself to be a woman and affecting woman's ways, he was dubbed in the institution with the title of "Sallie" Binns. He was admitted February 16, 1853, and was at that time forty-one years of age. When a young man he joined an amateur theatrical club, and the height of his ambition was to play female characters. He became quite a monomaniac on this subject, and his infatuation at last took upon itself a mild form of insanity, and for the greater part of his life he was thus afflicted. At all times and upon all occasions he believed himself to be a dashing beauty, at whose feet scores of ardent suitors knelt, and upon whom society smiled with favor. Clad in feminine attire whenever a ball or concert was given for the patients, he was the center of attraction. At all times he affected an effeminate voice in conversation, and acted in every respect like one of the female sex. The air of a woman never deserted him, and everybody who visited the house called on "Sallie" and purchased specimens of his handiwork.

An old Indian graveyard has been unearthed near Athens, Ga., and many curious relics have been found.

THE NEWS.

EASTERN AND MIDDLE STATES.

A WORKMAN who was making some repairs on electric light wires in New York allowed his hands to come in contact with both ends of the wires and received such a tremendous electrical shock that death ensued in a few minutes.

AT the Connecticut Democratic State convention in Hartford Thomas M. Waller was nominated for governor, George G. Sumner for lieutenant-governor, D. Ward Northrop for secretary of state, Alfred R. Goodrich for treasurer and Thomas R. Sanford for comptroller.

THE assignees of Wellington Brothers & Co., wholesale dry goods dealers of Boston, have sent a circular to creditors which shows the liabilities of the firm to be $831,634.02.

THE Longfellow Memorial association of Boston has issued a circular to the "children of America" inviting ten-cent subscriptions toward the fulfillment of the plan of the association for the erection of a memorial statue in front of the poet's late residence.

AT Cortland, N. Y., two brothers—Robert and Luke Gerard—employed at the gas-works, quarreled. Robert struck Luke a murderous blow with a piece of gaspipe, inflicting a fatal injury.

MRS. MIRIAM OSGOOD, of Warner, N. H., widow of the founder of the Osgoodite religious sect, died a few days ago at the ripe old age of 103 years.

THE letter of Mayor Cleveland, accepting the nomination of the New York Democratic State convention for governor, has been published.

A TUMBLING barrel containing 50,000 breech-loading caps blew up at the Union Metallic cartridge shop, Bridgeport, Conn., with terrible force. The building in which the explosion occurred was blown to atoms, but fortunately no one was injured.

THE officers of the Irish National land league have issued a circular from Buffalo to the public relative to the statement which has been made that the land league is no longer in existence, emphatically protesting against it, and declaring the league to be in full life and strength.

JACOB BECKER, a young man in the employ of Baily, Farrell & Co., lead pipe works, Pittsburg, Pa., was standing on a scaffolding, cleaning the rust off a shaft, which was making 160 revolutions a minute, when by some means his right leg became entangled in a telephone wire, and, losing his balance, he grasped the shaft. In an instant he was whirled around with fearful rapidity, and the telephone wire wrapped round his leg until the limb was severed from the body. He fell through a hatchway to the ground below, and when picked up was dead. His head was a shapeless mass, and his leg was still dangling from the wire.

SOUTH AND WEST.

THE Chicago *Railway Age* reports the construction of 1,209 miles of main track in the United States during September, and a total for nine months of the present year of 8,075 miles. It estimates the total construction for the entire year at 10,500 miles, an amount far greater than ever before built in one season.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS was elected governor of Georgia by a majority variously estimated at from 30,000 to 50,000. All the Democratic nominees for state offices were successful, and the general assembly is also largely Democratic.

John Brooks (colored), who had confessed to making a brutal assault upon a little girl, was taken from the sheriff at Jacksonville, Tenn., by a large crowd and hanged.

JOHN LEIGH and James Rigby, two farmers of Palmer, Ill., quarreled about the possession of some land and became involved in a lawsuit, from which Rigby came out victorious. The other afternoon Leigh's son approached Rigby and, pretending that he desired to effect a peaceable settlement, suddenly opened fire with a revolver, killing him.

FRANK JAMES, the notorious outlaw, brother of the late Jesse James, surrendered to Governor Crittenden, of Missouri, at Jefferson City, and was delivered to the Jackson county authorities at Kansas City. When Frank James surrendered to Governor Crittenden, he handed him his pistols and stated that he (the governor) was the only man except himself who had touched them for twenty years.

AN Atlanta (Ga.) dispatch says that Mr. Stephens, the newly-elected governor, sent to the governor his resignation of the office of Congressman from the Eighth Georgia district. It was accepted, and an election to fill the vacancy was ordered for November 7. Gartrell, the defeated candidate for governor, will contest the election of Stephens, not with the hope of getting in, but to show alleged frauds and intimidations.

THE following are Ohio's crop estimates, based on returns from all the counties of the State: Total number of bushels wheat, 45,787,811; rye, 406,151; oats, 18,435,779; barley, 1,337,309; corn (probable), 87,005,280; potatoes (probable), 89,000,000. Per cent. of an average crop—Sweet potatoes, 100; tobacco, 74; sorghum, 92; corn, 87; potatoes, 101. Yield per acre in bushels—Wheat, 16.7; rye, 15.8; oats, 28; barley, 19.9.

AT Lowell, Kansas, a Miss Rosecranse, a young lady of seventeen, tried to rescue her seven-year-old sister from their burning residence, when both lost their lives.

THE steamer Atlantico brought from Vera Cruz, Mexico, to New Orleans forty-seven sailors from five foreign vessels (four Norwegian and one Swedish), and four sailors from one American vessel, the bark Commodore Dupont, all wrecked on the coast of Mexico. The vessels were riding at anchor off Tampico and Pueblo Nuevo, and were driven ashore by a gale.

THE Mormons have been buying a large tract of land in Arizona.

THE vote in Arkansas on the liquor license question stands 78,889 for licenses and 45,041 against.

SIXTEEN freight cars and two engines were totally wrecked by a railroad collision near Cedar Rapids, Iowa, causing an estimated loss of $40,000.

A FIRE at Warrington, Fla., a village adjoining the Pensacola navy yard, destroyed twenty-four buildings, inflicting a total loss of about $30,000.

TWO convict guards at Darrington, Texas, shot at each other with pistols until both were dead.

A PREMATURE explosion of a blast took place near Mountain Store, Mo., by which Gordon McDonald, a railroad boss, and four laborers were killed, and six others seriously injured.

BY a collision between a freight train and a wood train near Bridgeville, Del., an engine and four cars were demolished and eleven train hands were injured more or less seriously.

GREAT excitement was caused in Cincinnati by the brutal murder of A. W. Ross, a prominent citizen, treasurer of the Coal Exchange and one of the exposition commissioners. Mr. Ross was returning to his home in Glendale, a suburb of Cincinnati, late at night, when he was set upon, his head crushed in and his pocketbook and watch stolen. A large reward for the apprehension of the murderers was offered.

FLAMES have destroyed the court-house at Altamont, Grundy county, Tenn., with all it contained.

THE total number of cases of yellow fever at Pensacola, Fla., up to the 9th, was 1,300, and of deaths 112.

A BOILER in the sawmill of Young & Smith, near Shelbyville, Ind., exploded, instantly killing George Young and fatally injuring his partner, Harry Smith.

AT a baptismal ceremony near Canton, Ga., a bridge gave way and 200 spectators fell into the water. No lives were lost, but quite a number of persons had legs or arms broken.

H. C. MEAD, a wealthy old banker of Waupaca, Wis., was found murdered in his bank, where he had been in the habit of sleeping. His safe was unlocked and its contents, consisting of several thousand dollars, gone.

ST. LOUIS' fair has been a great success this year, the receipts in one week reaching $103,000, against $77,000 last year.

THE Rev. J. L. Denton, Arkansas State superintendent of public instruction, committed suicide by jumping from the balcony of a house in Fayetteville. He had been mentally unbalanced.

FROM WASHINGTON.

A STATEMENT prepared at the postoffice department shows that the amount of money orders issued during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1882, was $119,936,632.69, an increase of more than ten millions over the previous year. The amount of orders paid amounted to $118,058,758 63. On this amount of business the gross revenue amounted to $1,190,354.85, which, after deducting all expenses, leaves a net revenue of about $200,000.

THE naval board appointed to investigate the loss of the Jeannette met and organized.

THE total cost of the free-delivery service of the postoffice department for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1882, was $2,623,269, an increase over last year of $123,348.

THE signal service estimates that at least thirteen million dollars of property and many persons remained safely in port on account of warnings from the department prior to the recent cyclone.

INDIAN COMMISSIONER PRICE has notified the Indians whose support is not provided for by treaty stipulations that they will be expected to labor for a livelihood.

A WASHINGTON dispatch says that Mr. H. H. Wells, the newly appointed special United States attorney, who has been intrusted with the conduct of the investigation into the alleged star route "jury fixing" transactions, has been engaged in a careful study of the large number of affidavits already taken and of the other evidence now in the possession of the government relating to the case. It is not likely that any legal proceedings will be instituted immediately. Foreman Dickson, of the star-route jury, has written a letter to District Attorney Corkhill protesting against the investigation of alleged bribery cases by an officer of the department of justice. Mr. Dickson says that "the most serious charges have been made against the agents of the department of justice—the creatures of the attorney-general—and nothing could be more absurd than to allow that department to investigate these charges."

FOREIGN NEWS.

FOUR long dissecting knives stained with blood, which are supposed to have been used by the murderers of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Under-Secretary Burke, have been found in a house in Dublin.

GENERAL WOLSELEY, at Cairo, issued a general order complimenting the British troops engaged in the Egyptian campaign on their endurance, courage, gallantry and good behavior. The order says that the queen is proud of her soldiers, and General Wolseley, in the queen's name, thanks them for their valor and discipline.

BRITISH troops have begun to leave Egypt for England.

MISS ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, a well-known American singer, died the other day in the south of France.

THE city of Pressburg, Hungary, has been placed under martial law on account of the anti-Jewish riots there.

THE czar of Russia, as an act of clemency, has commuted the sentence of death of Nagorny and Jewsejeff, political criminals, to hard labor in the mines for an indefinite period.

AN Irishman named McHugh died the other day in Quebec aged 107 years.

SCOTLAND'S fruit crop this year has been a complete failure. It is the worst season in fifty years.

THE steamer Durban, which sailed from England for the Cape of Good Hope a few days since, had on board Professor Newcomb and his party, sent by the United States government to observe the transit of Venus.

A TRAIN conveying Chillian soldiers from Pisco to Ica, Peru, was partly blown from the line by torpedoes laid by the Montoneros, and some seven or eight soldiers were killed. The Italian consul, Signor Picasco, was in the train, and miraculously escaped injury, but was captured by the Montoneros, who asked $100,000 for his release.

A DISPATCH from Manila, Philippine Islands, says that the fatal cases of cholera in the town now average from thirty to forty daily, and the deaths from the disease in the vicinity of the town average twelve daily.

SEVERAL slight earthquake shocks have been felt in Panama.

SINCE January 1, this year, the Cuban board of freedmen have declared free 20,900 slaves in accordance with the emancipation law.

THE cost to England of the Egyptian war is placed at £10,000,000 to £20,000,000, and it will be raised by an income tax.

AT a great fire in a hardware factory in Paris the chief of the Parisian fire brigade was killed and several men were injured.

AT a conference of delegates representing 28,000 English colliers it was resolved that notices to employers for an advance of fifteen per cent. be given.

BISHOP WALSH, who has just returned to London from a visit to Ireland, in St. Peter's cathedral referred to the Irish question. He condemned in scathing terms the agrarian crimes, but quoted statistics to show that there was less crime in Ireland, proportionately, than in England, Scotland and Wales. While opposing the disintegration of the empire, the bishop favored home rule for Ireland similar to that enjoyed by Canada.

DURING a dense fog the steamer Herder, from New York for Hamburg, ran upon the rocks a few miles from Cape Race, N. F., early in the morning and was completely wrecked. All the passengers and crew were safely landed in the vessel's boats. The number of persons on board was 255. The Herder was valued at $500,000, and her cargo at $185,000.

The Wells in Sahara.

French enterprise is steadily persevering in the work of redeeming the desert of Sahara by means of artesian wells. A large number of wells have been sunk along the northern border, more than 150 in the province of Constantine alone, and the work is advancing into the interior. One of the curious phenomena which the digging of these wells has brought to notice is the existence of fish and crabs at great depths. The learned engineer, M. Jus, who for twenty years has directed the work, avers that he once boiled and ate a crab which had been drawn up from a depth of 250 feet, and that, moreover, it was of an excellent flavor.

A Strong Man's Feat.

A story of remarkable human strength is reported to the following effect: At New Philadelphia, Ohio, a Swiss named John Winkler, of Stone Creek, Tuscarawas county, exhibited a remarkable feat of strength and physical endurance. On a wager of $100 he carried a barrel of flour, weighing about 225 pounds, to Canal Dover, a distance of three miles, in fifty-five minutes. Under the wager he could have rested fifteen minutes, but he stopped but four minutes of the time, and came in on the homestretch but little fatigued.

A pearl-making industry has sprung up in the Thuringian forests of Germany, and a large demand for the goods from abroad has made a boom in wages. The secret of making the so-called "lack-luster" pearls was accidentally discovered by a workman who put one of the original samples in his mouth and felt a tiny grain of sand upon it. Previous to this acids had been tried without success, but the lucky workman tried "rubbing up" the pearls with common sand, and in less than a week hundreds of his fellows were making a living at the same work, and handsome goods were produced that now find a ready sale in the markets of the world.

According to the last census New York has 9,765 growers of hops, who cultivate 39,072 acres in the crop, with a product in 1879 of 21,628,931 pounds. Next comes Wisconsin with 4,438 acres, and a product of 1,966,427 pounds; then California with 1,119 acres, and 1,444,077 pounds production. Of the New England States Vermont takes the lead with 265 acres, and a yield of 109,350 pounds; Maine comes next with 48,214 pounds; then New Hampshire, with 23,955 pounds, and Massachusetts 9,895 pounds. Only eighteen States raise any hops, and of these five raise less than 10,000 pounds each.

WISE WORDS.

Be silent and safe; silence never betrays you.

Every man desires to live long; but no man would be old.

The man who never excites envy never excites admiration.

Present evils always seem greater than those that never come.

Some men cannot stand prosperity. Others never get a chance to try.

An evil-speaker differs from an evil-doer only in the want of opportunity.

Never let your zeal outrun your charity; the former is but human, the latter is divine.

Those days are lost in which we do no good. Those worse than lost in which we do evil.

Use sin as it will use you; spare it not, for it will not spare you; it is your murderer and the murderer of the whole world. Use it, therefore, as a murderer should be used; kill it before it kills you.

The conditions of success are these: First, work; second, concentration; third, fitness. Labor is the genius which changes the ugliness of the world into beauty; that turns the greatest curse into a blessing.

Nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm; it is the real allegory of the lute of Orpheus; it moves stones; it charms brutes. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it.

Kind words are bright flowers of earthly existence; use them, and especially around the fireside circle. They are the jewels beyond price, and powerful to heal the wounded heart and make the weighed-down spirit glad.

When misfortunes happen to such as dissent from us in matters of religion, we call them judgments; when to those of our own sect, we call them trials; when to persons neither way distinguished, we are content to attribute them to the settled course of things.

HEALTH HINTS.

The remedy for overwork is rest.

As far as one violates law he wastes power.

Good nutritive vigor is the foundation of good health.

Men and women insult God by abusing their bodies.

Hundreds of women die annually for want of change of labor or change of scene.

Rapid consumption of the vital forces means early decay and premature death.

To cure stammering *Dr. Foote's Health Monthly* advises the stammerer to read aloud one hour every other day with the teeth closed.

If people will live twice as fast as they ought, if they will perform as much labor in one day as ought to be done in two, nothing will save them from the natural consequence, which is to die twice as soon as they otherwise would.

Farmhouses may be, and ought to be, better located than city residences. Low sites, where the house drains are sluggish, the fogs frequent, the air stagnant, and the effluvia from the outbuildings confined, should always be avoided. Next in importance to location is cleanliness in the surroundings of the farmhouse.

Coffee as a Cure for Malaria.

Coffee is opposed to malaria, to all noxious vapors. As a disinfectant it has wonderful powers. As an instantaneous de